ICE CREAM MENU

CASH ONLY

VANILLA
CHOCOLATE CHIP
RAINBOW MASSACRE
STRAWBERRY HATE CRIME
INDIFFERENCE/ORGANIC VANILLA
MINT
MINT (SUGAR-FREE)
REAL ESTATE BUBBLE GUM

AND

INTRODUCING

SCHIZOPHRENIC NIGHTMARE

AND OTHER LURID FLAVORS

BY THE CHAMPAGNE'S ELECTRIC

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents
either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.
Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, events or locales
is entirely coincidental.

Copyright © 2020 The Champagne's Electric.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced
or used in any manner without written permission of the copyright
owner except for the use of quotations in a book review.

First digital edition April 2020

Front cover image by The Champagne's Electric
Book design by The Champagne's Electric
Illustrations by The Champagne's Electric

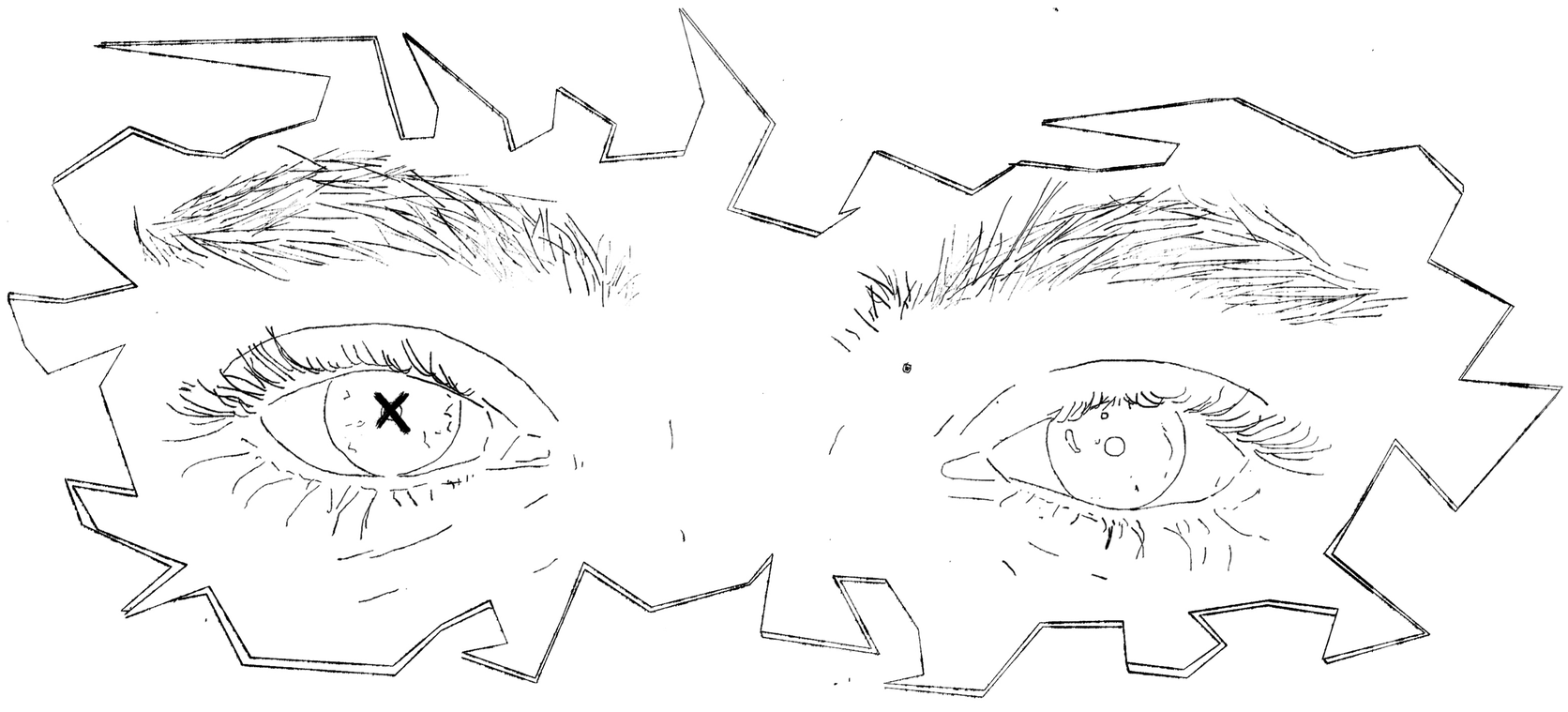
Published by Awful Grace Publishing
www.awfulgraceradio.org
contact@awfulgraceradio.org

SCHIZOPHRENIC NIGHTMARE AND OTHER LURID FLAVORS

illustrations, poetry and other signs of decay from

THE CHAMPAGNE'S ELECTRIC

UNCANNY
CONSUMPTION//UNFIT FOR HEALTHY CONSUMPTION//UNFIT FOR HEALTHY CONSUMPTION//UNFIT FOR HEALTHY



I DO NOT WISH TO DROWN BY DROPS
I WANT TO WASH THE WORLD AWAY

Click Title to Jump or scroll and enjoy

Table of Contents

A photocopied Introduction to our narrator, presented with only mild tremor

Non nude aphorism 1

THE COLD OF AUGUST

UNIVERSAL MUCK GONE MAD

AN OBSERVATION MAKING ITSELF

THE YOUNG MAN

Last words spoken with evil unbeknownst

NON NUDE APHORISM 2

A Plastic Surgeon in Uncanny Valley

The following is scribed by my formerly dominant hand, made impotent with trembling

[The photograph] i did my best !!

A practical Map of Universal Space From the ANTHROPOCENTRIC

2

HOSPICE

JACKIE

The Rewildering Stench of a Ladybug CRUSHED

mon nude aphorism

confetti

EVENTIDE

FRANCIS

Tyger Tyger

The quiet ground

NON NUDE APHORISM 4

SA_CASTPHOTO_PR.jpg

BOOM

A thought in the 21st C

A VISION ENDURED ON THE THIRTIETH OF NOVEMBER 3:46 AM

A thot in the 21st C

NOn Nude Aphorism

Snooze the suicide clock

DAILY SCHEDULE FOR 12/14/12

JEAN MICHEL

VINCENT

ON Perfection

Semantic Satiation for Chickenhawks

NON NUDE APHORISM SIX

Mariko

3

Crispus Attucks

IF WE ONLY TRY!!!

NON NUDE

THE FALL OF THE

twenty-first century

fabled BEAST

follow the man who has limps

word association

368 feet

at 1,360

A GREAT HUMBLING

God's last words to MAN

NON-NUDE APHORISM 7

Carding amongst the Minnesota

IT IS NOT HIDDEN

Non nude aphorism 8

Balloon

in the valley shadow

MAP

NN aphorism NINE

WHEELBARROW

JERICHO crash

Punctuated comparison

A RIDDLE, ANSWERED IN THE COMING YEARS

PA! PA!

The Cradle Leg

Freidrich

WHERE NIHILISTS AND MERYL STREEP INTERSECT

STRAWBERRY FIELDS (CR) TM #4EVA

an afternoon in MARCH when hope was present

daedalus wept

NUANCE

on Nude Aphorism 101

A SUCCESS I WILL NEVER ATTAIN

PROGENY

EYE

JACKSON PARKER

non nude aphorism XII

Hello Laura

MIKE'S OR GERALD'S OR SOMETHING, 1998

HITCHHIKING ON MULHOLLAND DR.

ECHO echo echo

INN 2

CIRCUMNAVIGATED UNANIMOUS

A VIVISECTION PROLONGED

aroha

(Non nude aphorism dissobed

AND LISTENED AND STOOD AND TOOK THE PULPIT

THE chain

THE WORD IN FINALE

end.

A PHOTOCOPIED
INTRODUCTION
TO OUR
NARRATOR,
PRESENTED WITH
ONLY MILD
TREMOR

STATE OF NEBRASKA

ROBERT KERREY • GOVERNOR • GINA C. DUNNING • DIRECTOR

December 13, 1984

Mr. and Mrs.
Jackson
Omaha, NE

Dear Mr. and Mrs.

We need to know if you are interested in our considering Robert for specialized medical care. If so, we must receive your financial application for the Nebraska Department of Social Services, Services for Crippled Children Program. Please call 554-5895 and make an appointment with Katie Adams to complete this application.

If you are financially eligible, we may authorize a diagnostic neurological evaluation with one of our pediatric neurologists, for possible neuro muscular disease.

If you are interested in our Program, please complete your application soon. If I do not hear from you by January 15, 1985, we will assume you wish to provide Robert's medical care on a private patient basis.

This decision in no way affects your son's Educationally Related Therapy Services Program. The Therapy Program is a school responsibility and is provided at no cost to you.

If you have any questions, please feel free to call or write me. We are glad to be of service to you.

Sincerely,

Phyllis

Phyllis
Social Service Worker
Services for Crippled Children Program
1002 Special Services Pavilion
4300 Emile St.
Omaha, NE 68105
Phone: (402) 554

e32/i/1-2

cc: Local Office

SERVICES FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN
PHYSICAL THERAPY
PRE-SCREENING

1. Student's name: Robert Dates: 84
84

2. Birthdate: 1983

3. Age (at time of assessment): 1 yr., 3 mos.

4. Diagnosis: Heart murmur, very traumatic birth

5. Current program: None

6. Major concerns of parent: Considerably developmentally delayed. Not crawling, minimal rolling. Unable to attain sitting, though can maintain sitting. Speech/language delay.

7. Bracing and adaptive equipment: None

8. General observations: This is an alert, pleasant appearing 15-month old, somewhat fearful of evaluator (age appropriate). Generally placid, but mother states he seems to be becoming more frustrated. Will sit and play for awhile. Occasional hand flapping noted.

9. Functional Motor Skills:

A. Gross Motor -

1. Body pulled from supine - substantial hand lag until 45°

2. Rolling - started at 4 months. At 7 months, he quit rolling.

3. Prone - dislikes this position, appears stuck. Mother states he does ~~not~~ pivot prone in both directions.

4. Sitting - 6-7 months sat well, maintains well once placed. Can pull self forward with feet.

5. Four-point - prone propping on hands, good weight shift in both directions.

6. Supported standing - at times will bear some weight, but generally astasia.

7. Will attempt to pull self up to furniture from sitting, with legs crossed using mainly UES.

you think that words cannot bend, cannot break?

B. Fine Motor and Self Help:

Not formally assessed, but seems to be more at age level.

10. Neuromotor:

A. Responses:

Equilibrium - in sitting and supported vertical - somewhat delayed to the L, more so delayed to the R.

Protective - present to the R in UES, did not respond to the L. Forward protection - delayed. Backward - not present.

B. Reflexes:

Moro- somewhat present
Foot grasp
STNR

11. Tone:

LES - hypotonic with trunk and UES - somewhat hypertonic. Mother stated UES and LES quite stiff for first 6 months.

12. Functional Strength:

Gross Sensory:

Visual, auditory, tactile - appear intact though not formally tested.

13. Posture/ROM :

1. Head and neck - WNL

2. UES - WNL

3. LES - hypermobility noted in hips, knees and ankles.

4. Posture appears within normal limits.

Major problems identified:

1. Developmentally delayed - functioning 3-7 month level at gross motor levels.

2. Tone differences throughout.

3. Speech/language delayed.

Recommendations:

1. Begin active PT program immediately to develop home program for parents in conjunction with an active PT program.

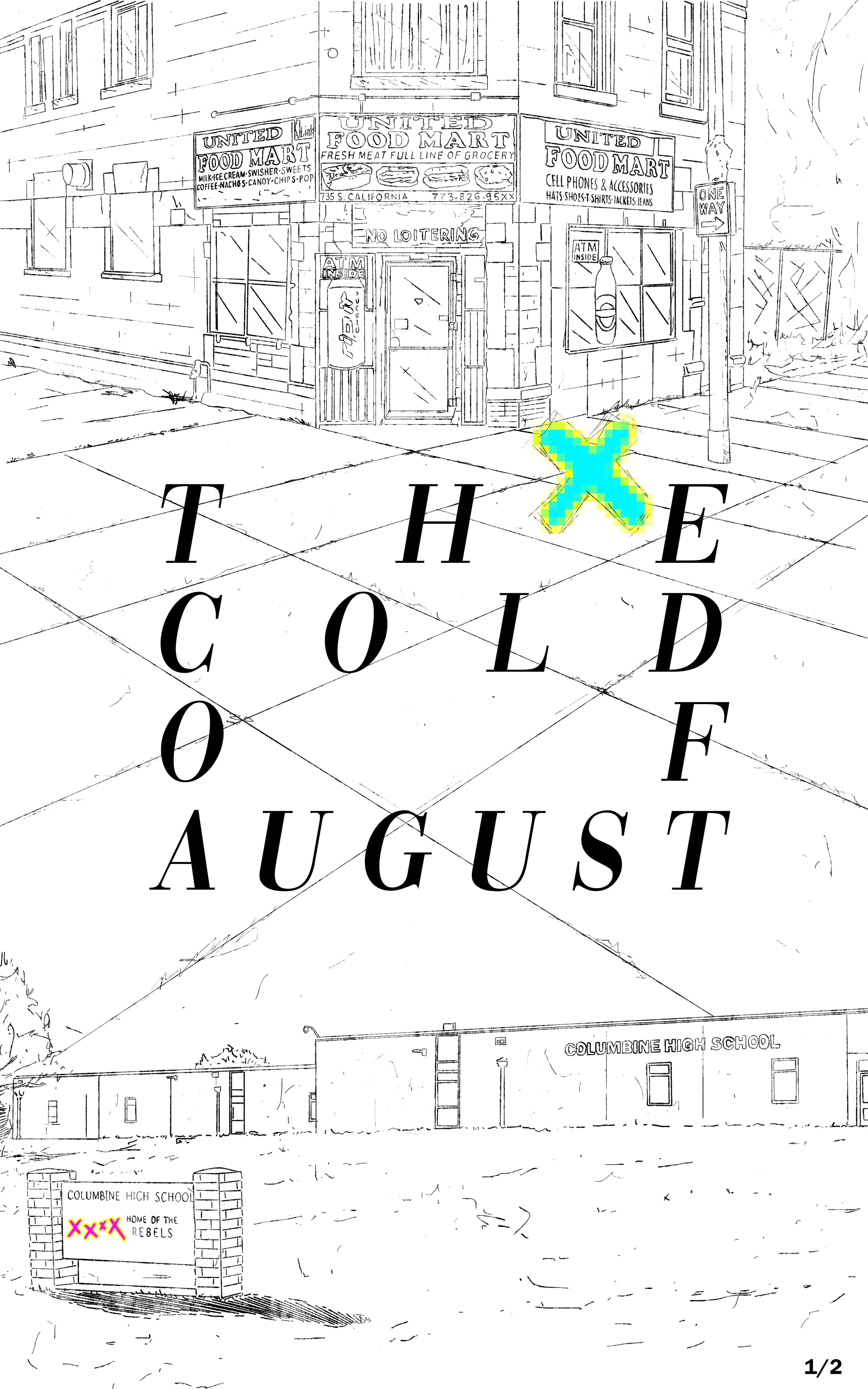
2. Frequency - initially 1-2x/wk. As program progresses and family becomes more comfortable with program - decrease frequency as needed. This frequency may vary with child's progress.

3. Robert needs a full work-up in all areas to determine the extent of his needs. PT, OT, Speech/Language, Psych, Neurological, Orthopedic, etc. as soon as possible.

Mary RPT

ALL PAST IS ~~PROLOGUE~~

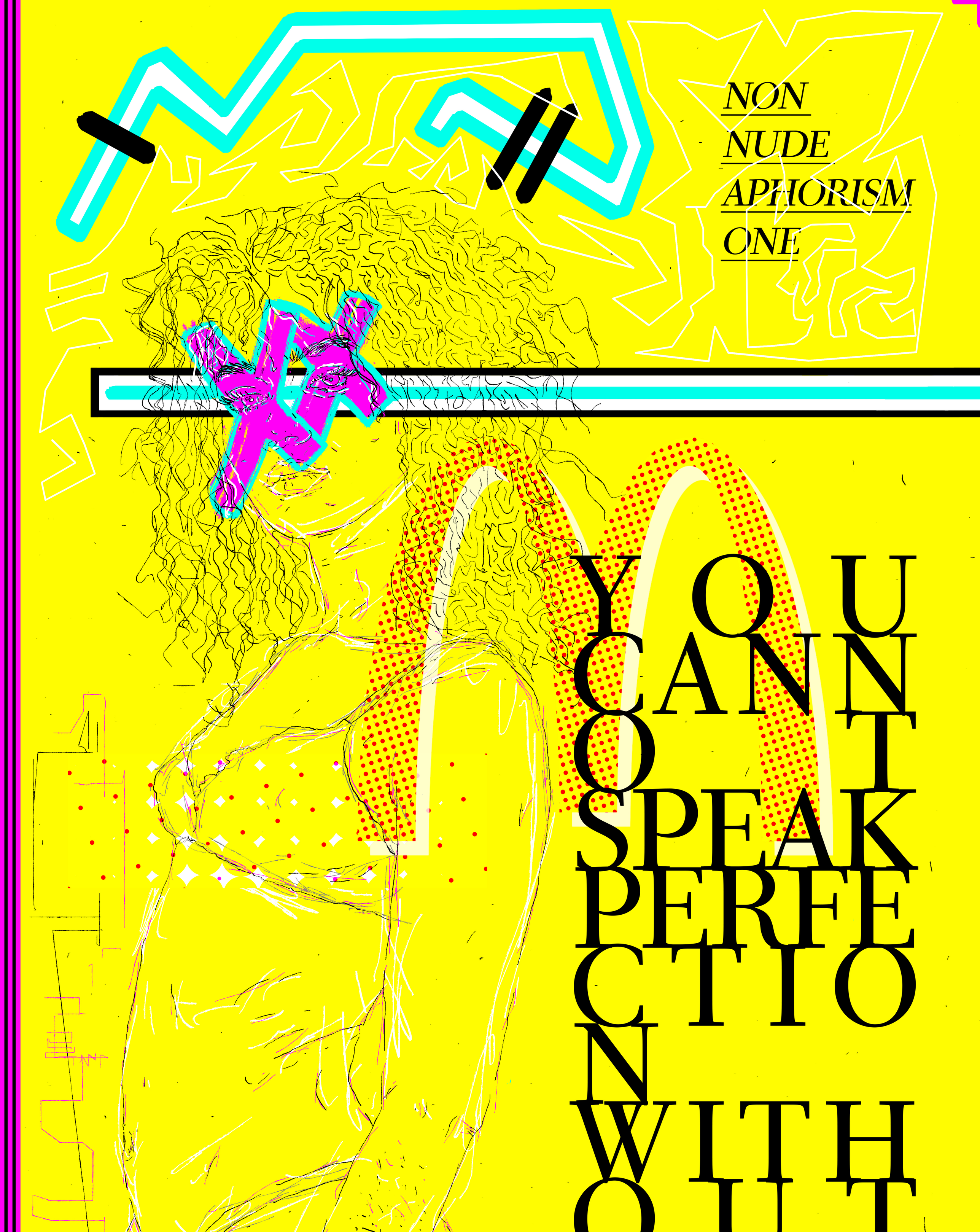
unskippable cutscene



THE XCOLD OF AUGUST

BLOOD LIKE SYRUP
STAMPEDES OUT OF HIM
AND SOAKS BLACK
THROUGH DENIM AND HE
F A L L S
ON HIS BACKBACK
AND THE GRAVEL
B U R R O W S
IN HIS PALM AND
HE DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING AND THE
C O N C R E T E
SCRAPES THE SKIN OFF HIS HANDS AND
ELBOWS IN WHITE BUNCHES
AND HE DIDN'T HEAR ANYTHING AND HE IS
FUMBLING WITH
THE THIGH AND
NO ONE IS HELPING
AND A WOMAN'S TIN CAN SCREAM AND
N O W
HIS FRENZY CATCHES
AND HIS ARMS FALL
MORE THAN THEY MOVE AND HE IS ON HIS
BACK AND THE
HORRIBLE SUN
IS COOKING THE CONCRETE AND
HE WANTS THE HAND OF THAT GIRL FROM
FIFTH GRADE WHO LIFTED HER SKIRT IN
FRENCH CLASS
AND HE IS AFRAID
AND HE IS
COLD IN AUGUST
AND IF HE HAD TO KISS HIS
M O T H E R
ON THE LIPS IN FRONT OF EVERYONE HE
WOULD IF IT MEANT MOM
COULD CUP THE LIFE BACK IN
AND HE IS DYING ON A SIDEWALK IN
A M E R I C A
AND THERE IS NO BEAUTY
AND BEFORE IT LEAVES HE NOTES THE
NUMBNESS OF ERASURE STARTING WITH HIS
F I N G E R T I P S

NON
NUDE
APHORISM
ONE

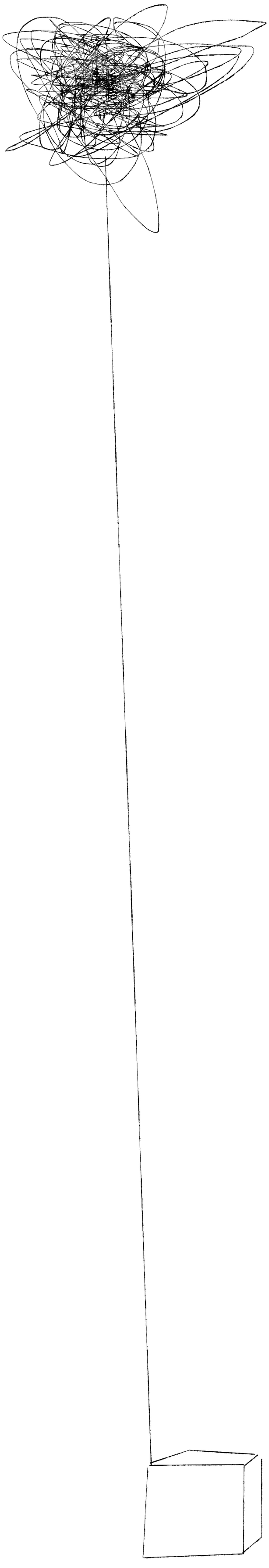


YOU CAN'T SPEAK PERFECTION WITHOUT CEASING

I AM A TRANSIENT CLUSTER OF UNIVERSAL MUCK GONE MAD, RIPPING AT THE STITCHES THAT BIND MYSELF TO BEING

AND YOU MY SELFSAME KIN ARCHITECTING DEPTH FROM PIXELS AND INK

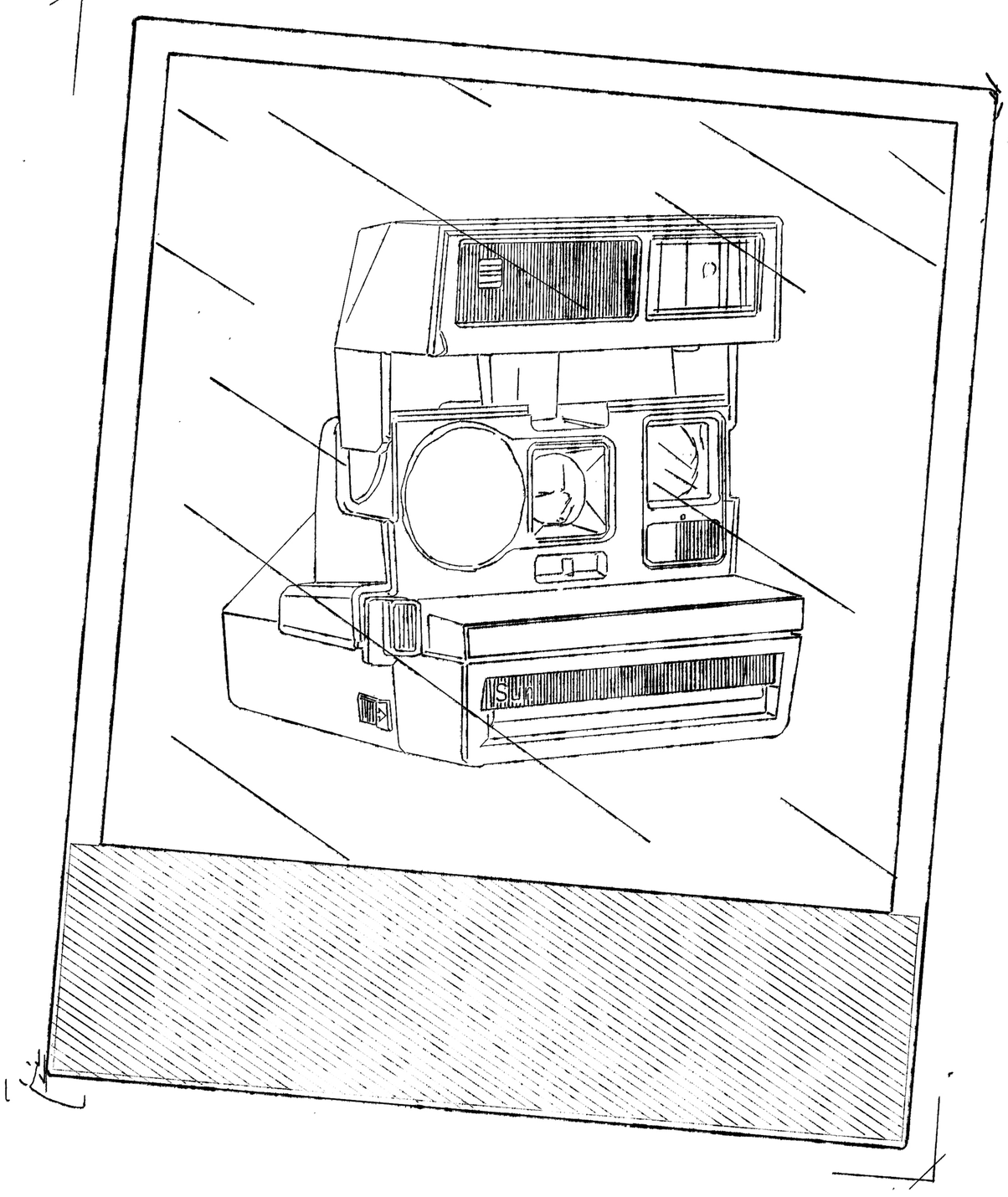
an observation making itself



My mind is hateful and deceiving and plots against itself with Rasputinian ambition

A N D I A M L I K E TOTALLY N O T O K A Y W I T H T H A T

WE ARE THE PHOTOGRAPH



NOT ITS CONTENTS

THE YOUNG MAN'S LAST WORDS SPOKEN WITH CONFIDENCE TO THE DEVIL UNBEKNOWNST

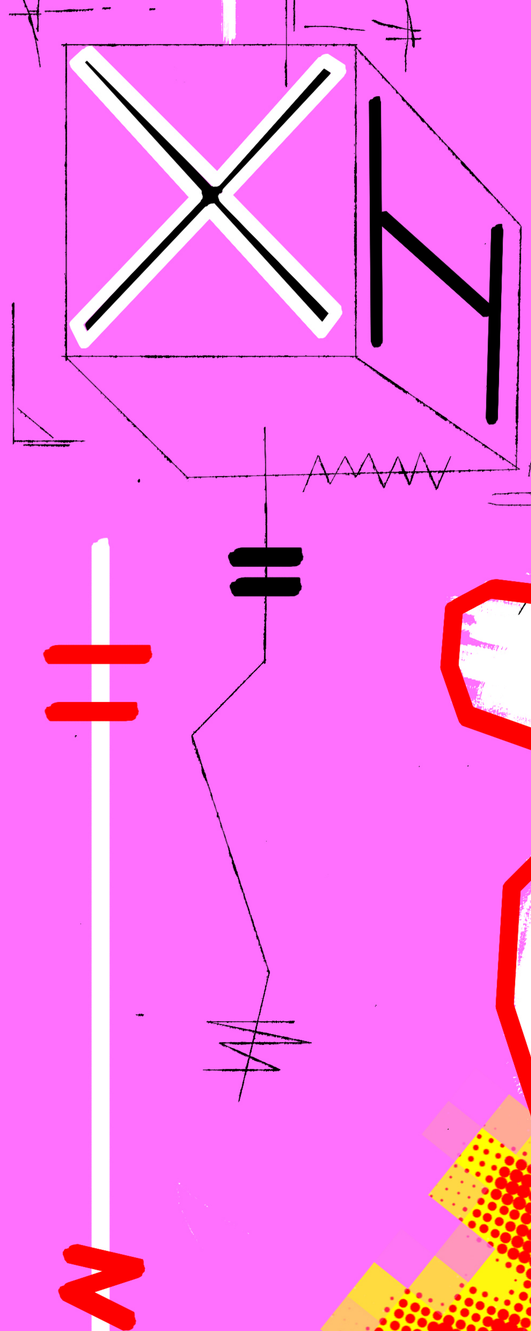
bet you won’t

non nude aphorism #2

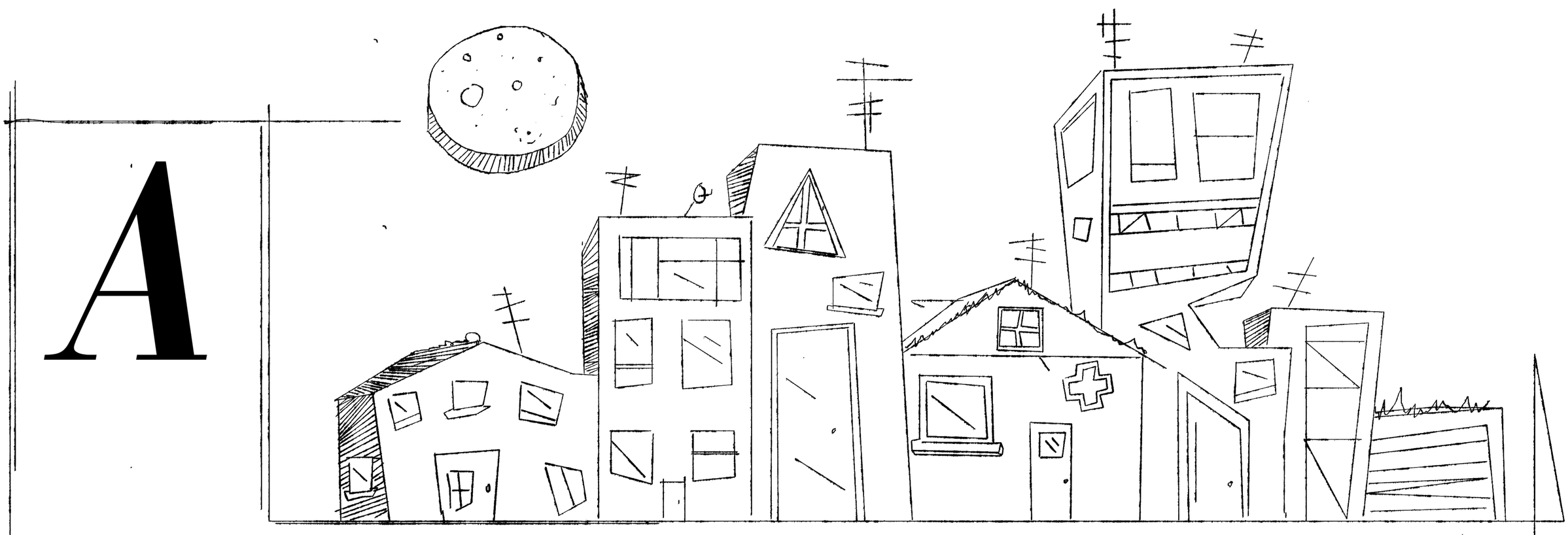
FABLED BEAST

ASK ITS GHOST OF MAN'S MODESTY

THE LAST INSTINCT OF LIBERTY IS A SUICIDAL HASTENING



IMPOTENT ICONOGRAPHY

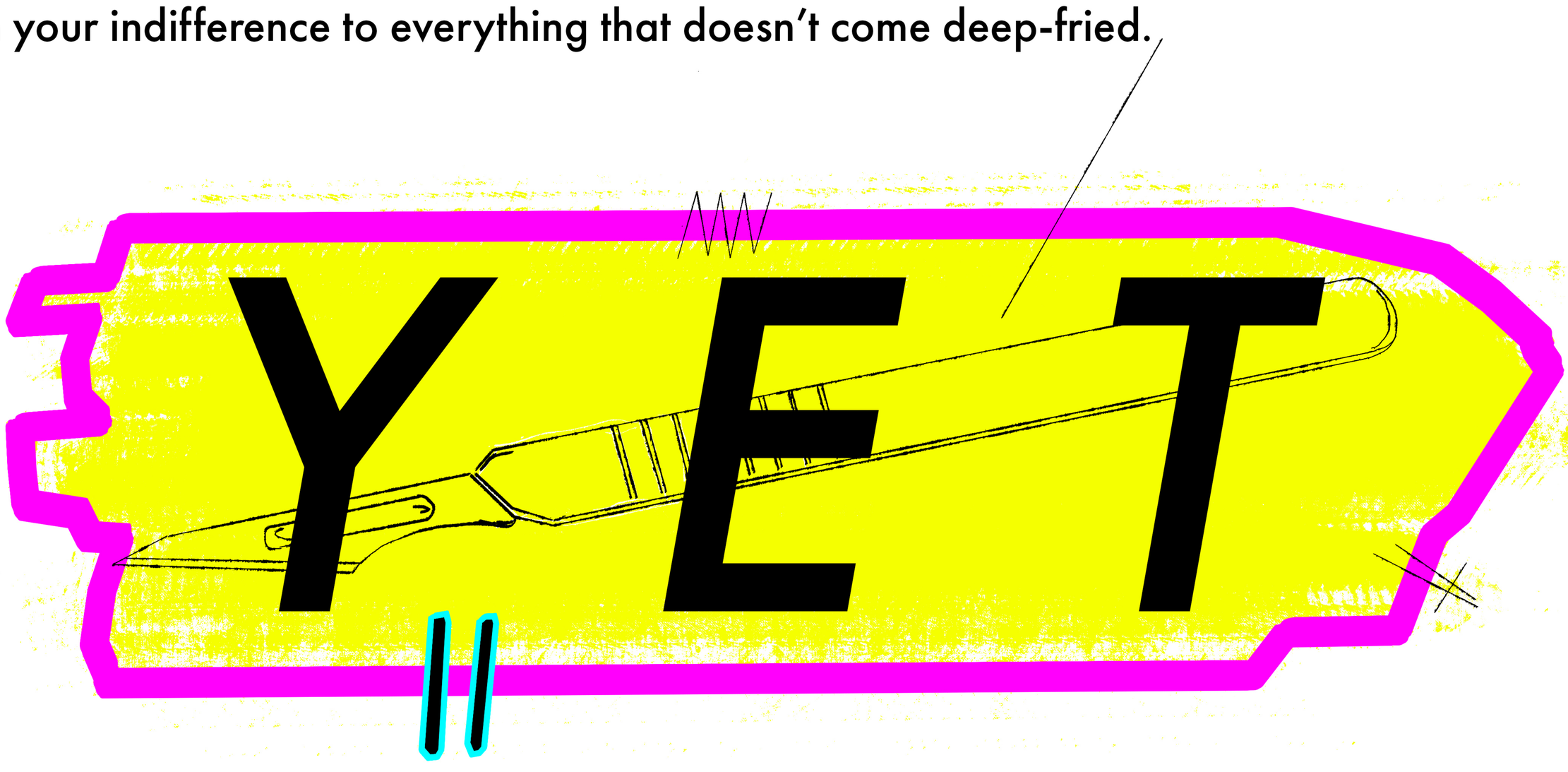


A PLASTIC SURGEON IN AN UNCANNY VALLEY

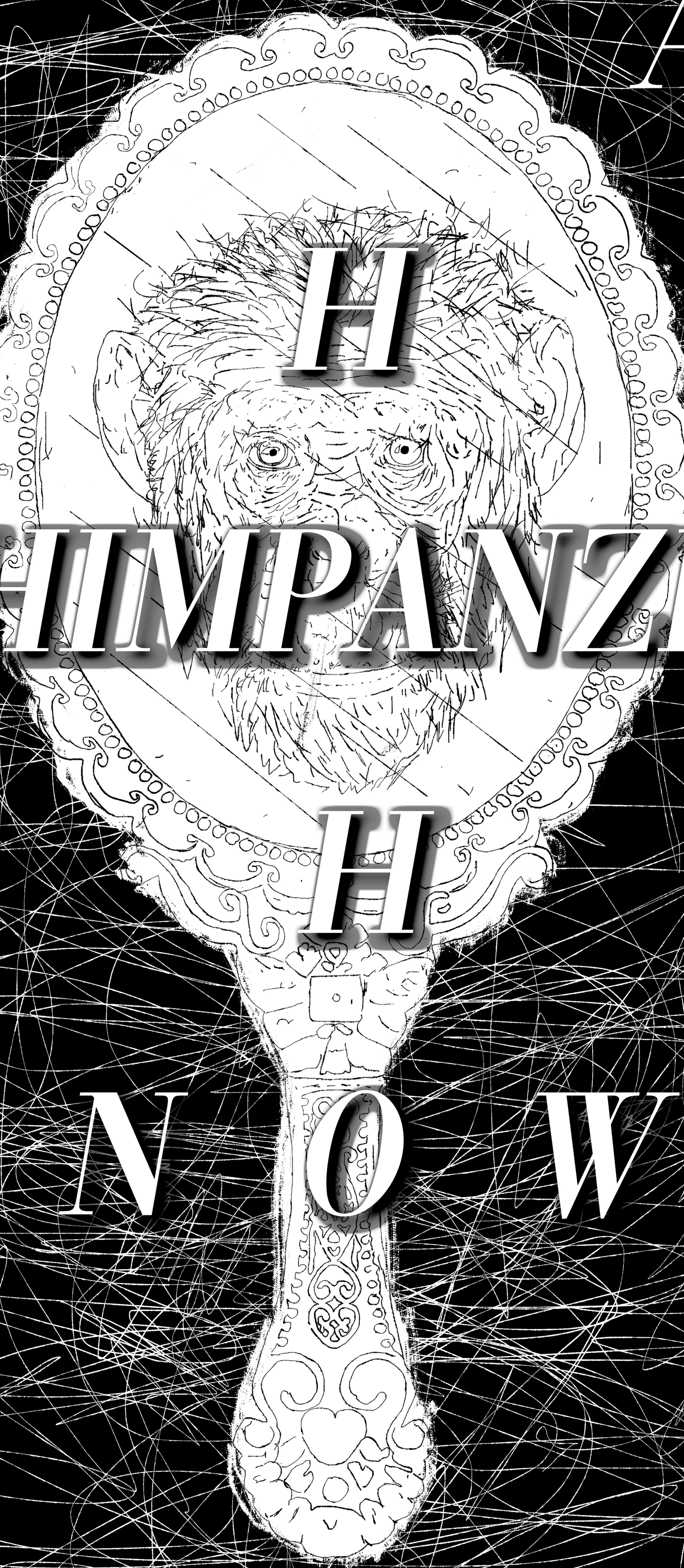
lastic surg

I am a romantic nihilist.
I am the AR-15 from the first act.
I am a sado-masochist, self-employed.
I am a woman whose name you don't know, left to drown by a coward in Chappaquiddick.
I am something pretentious in a dead language.
I am your public disgust with child labor, tweeted vigorously on your iPhone.
I am Narcan Lazarus.
I am a dancing pattern of windblown trash that spells "Yahweh" to a gaggle of pigeons.
I am the executioner's carpal tunnel.
I am your tiring of this gimmick.
I am my tiring of yours.

I am the miscarriage you still speak to.
I am the ourobouros made obese.
I am the West Virginian paramedic quietly reviving more than Christ.
I am the preschool teacher struggling to explain an active shooter drill to 5-year-olds.
I am the poet laureate of Lower Wacker Drive.
I am the Sheriff's car parked permanent outside Columbine.
I am the location scout for an Emily Dickinson biopic.
I am the blood circling down the choirboy's thigh as his rapist reads the rites.
I am your discomfort more with the conversation than the crime.
I am the crack baby whose prescription is more effort.
I am domestic terror's potential synechdoche.
I am a credit score needlessly burdened with humanity.
I am the outrage you feign.
I am your indifference to everything that doesn't come deep-fried.



I AM



THE CHIMPANZEE

WHO KNOWS IT

I

A M

M Y

MASTER

M E

ALL IS MY OWN FACSIMILE

TERRORIST GOD
HOLDING GRAVITY
HOSTAGE

DEATH ITSELF
CROWNING
THROUGH A
WOUND IN THE
SPACE FABRIC

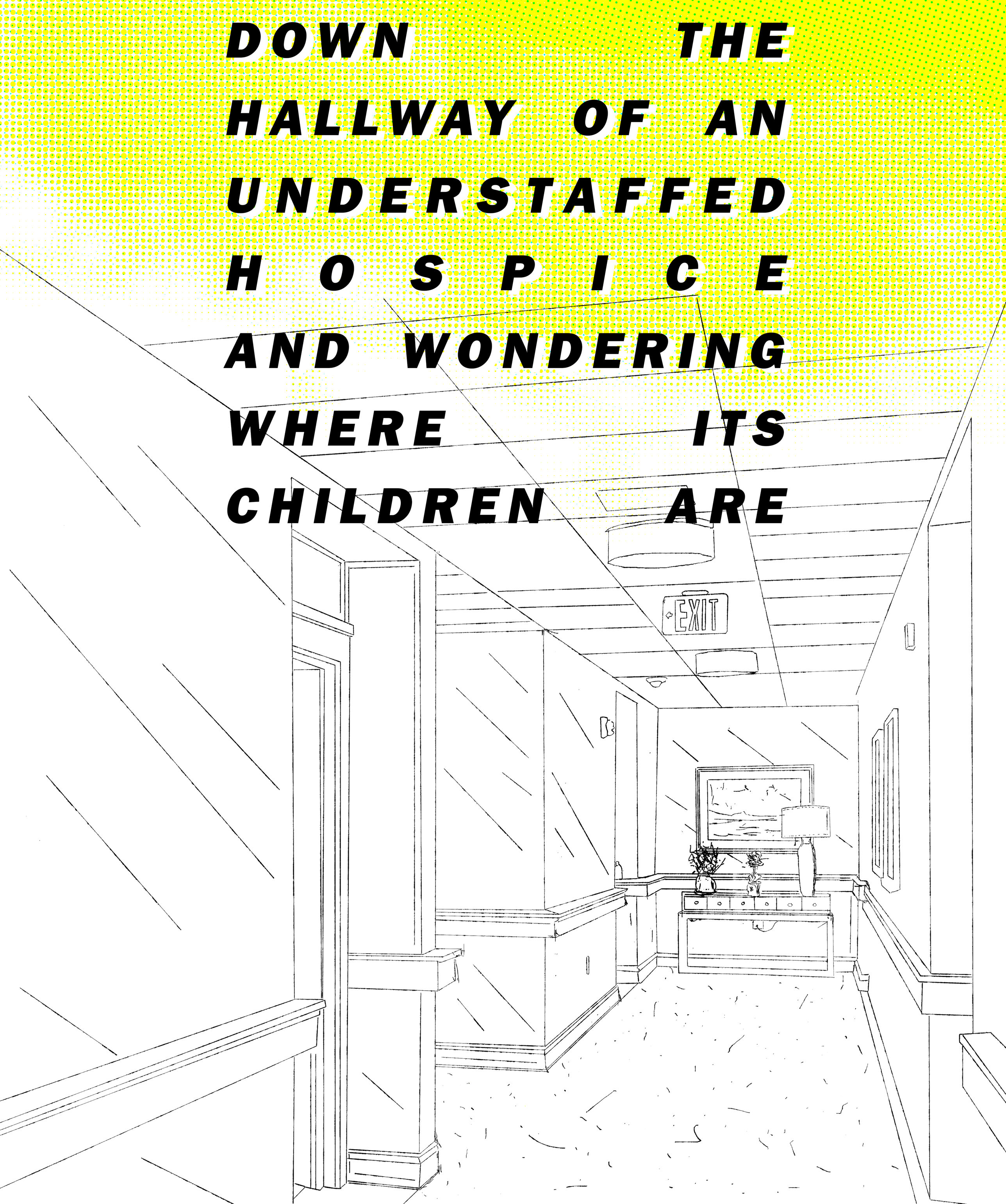
A
PRACTICAL
MAP
OF UNIVERSAL SPACE
FROM
THE
ANTHROPOCENTRIC

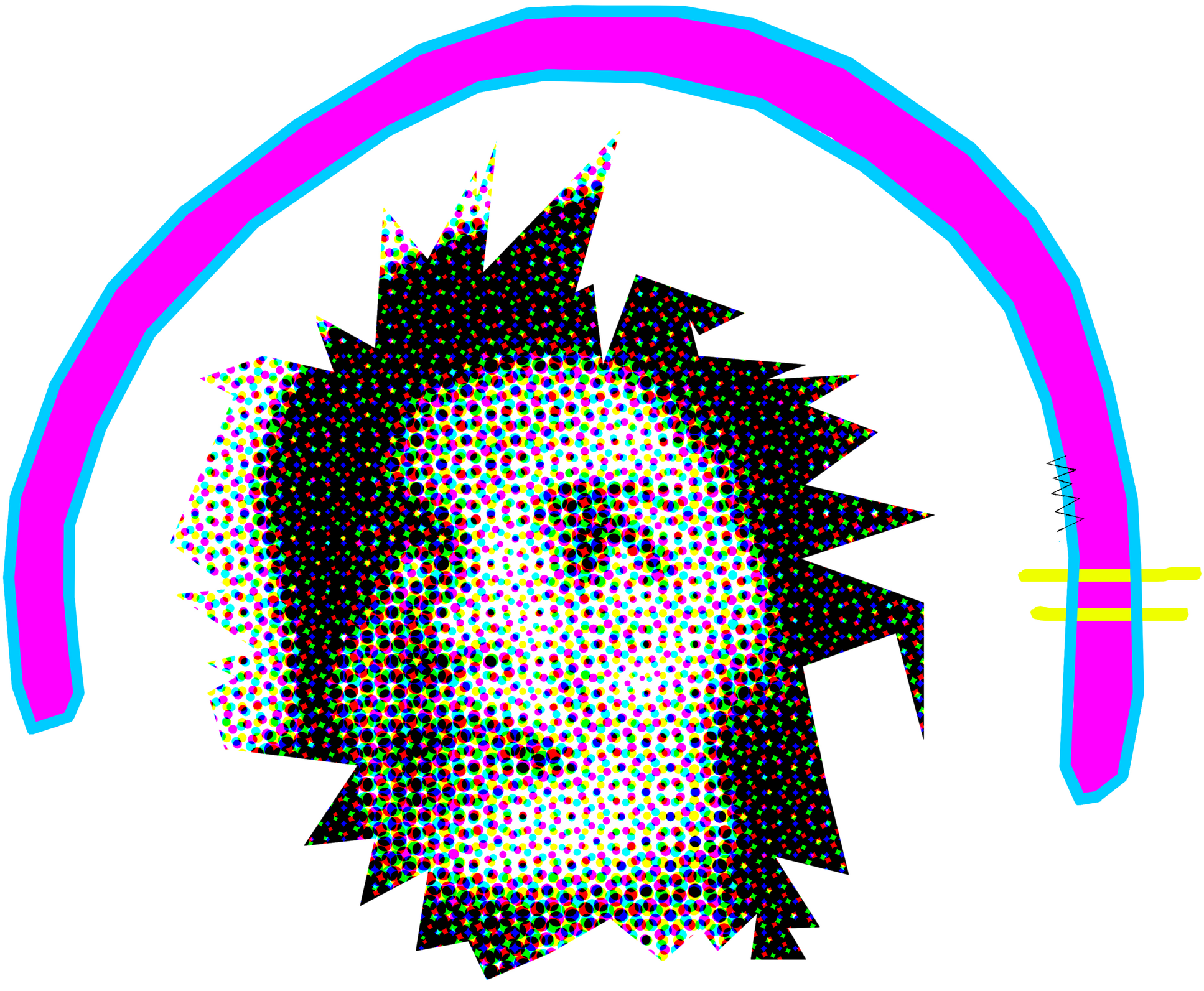
YOU, SEARCHING FOR
YOUR PHONE
WHEN IT'S ALREADY
IN YOUR HAND

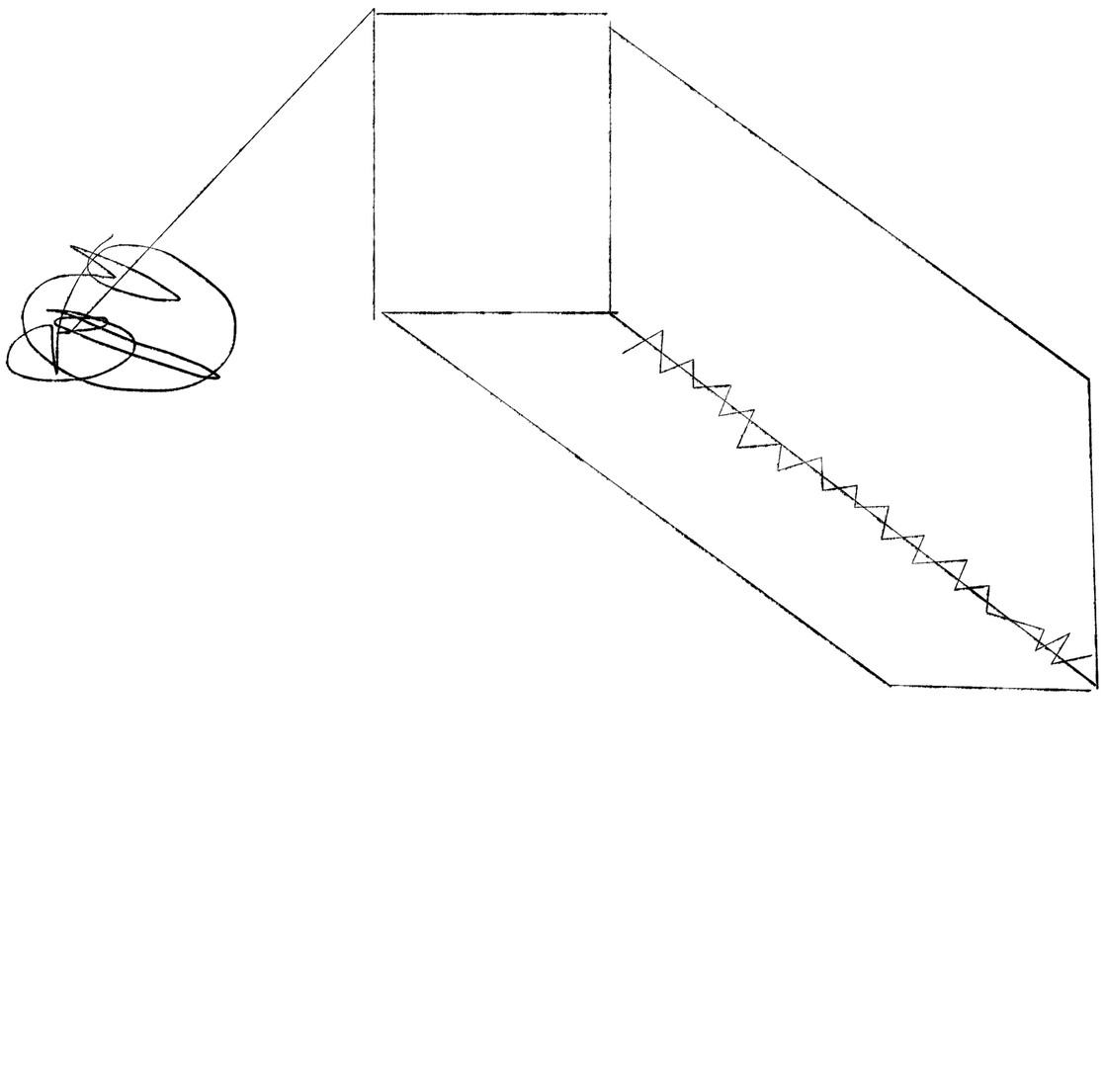
RACE WAR BETWEEN
ELECTROMAGNETIC
POLTERGEISTS

CHRONO LEECH
ORGY WITH FOOD
POISONING

EVERY BOOM
ENDS AS A
WHIMPER
SHUFFLING
DOWN THE
HALLWAY OF AN
UNDERSTAFFED
HOSPICE
AND WONDERING
WHERE ITS
CHILDREN ARE

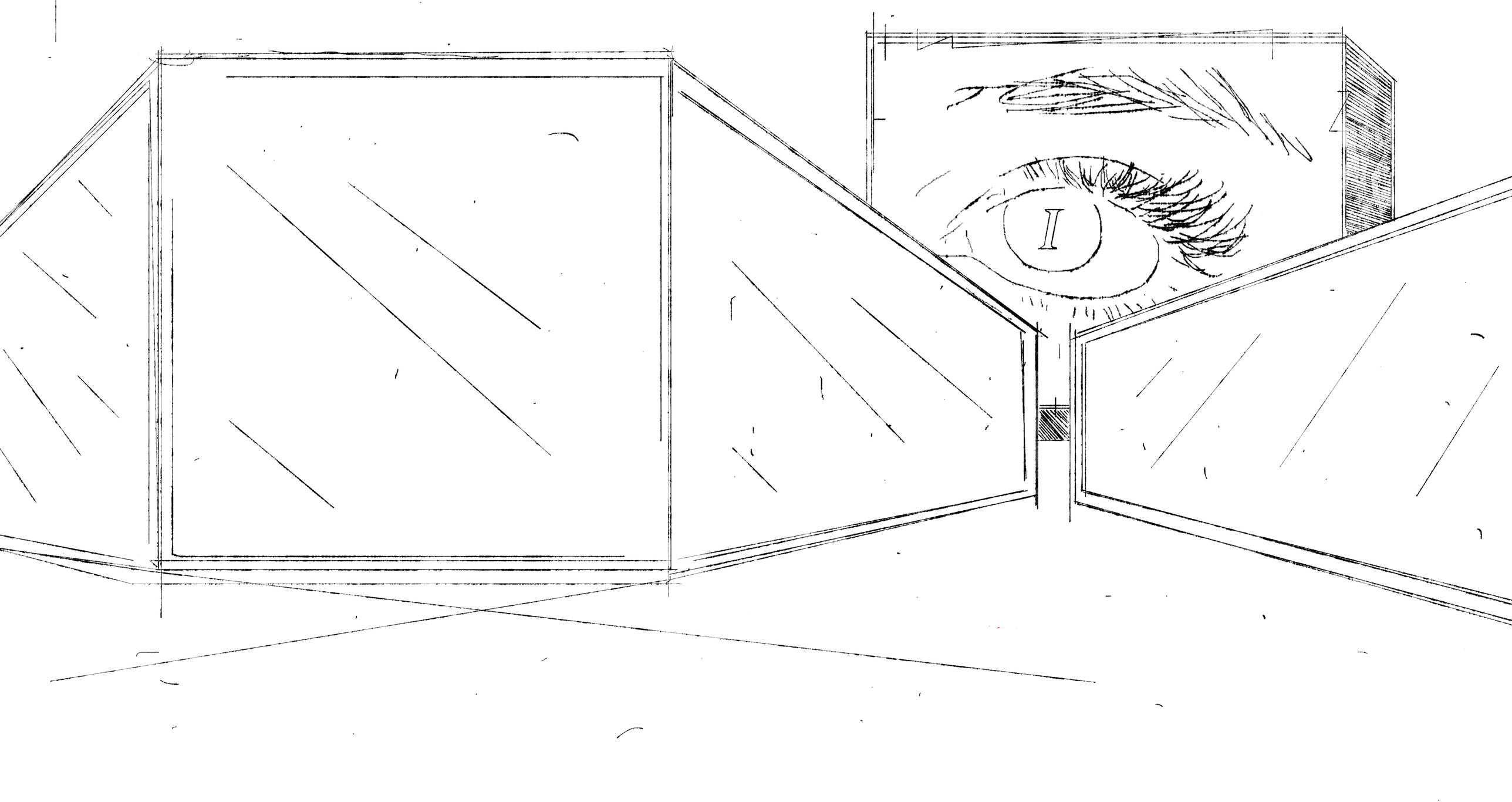




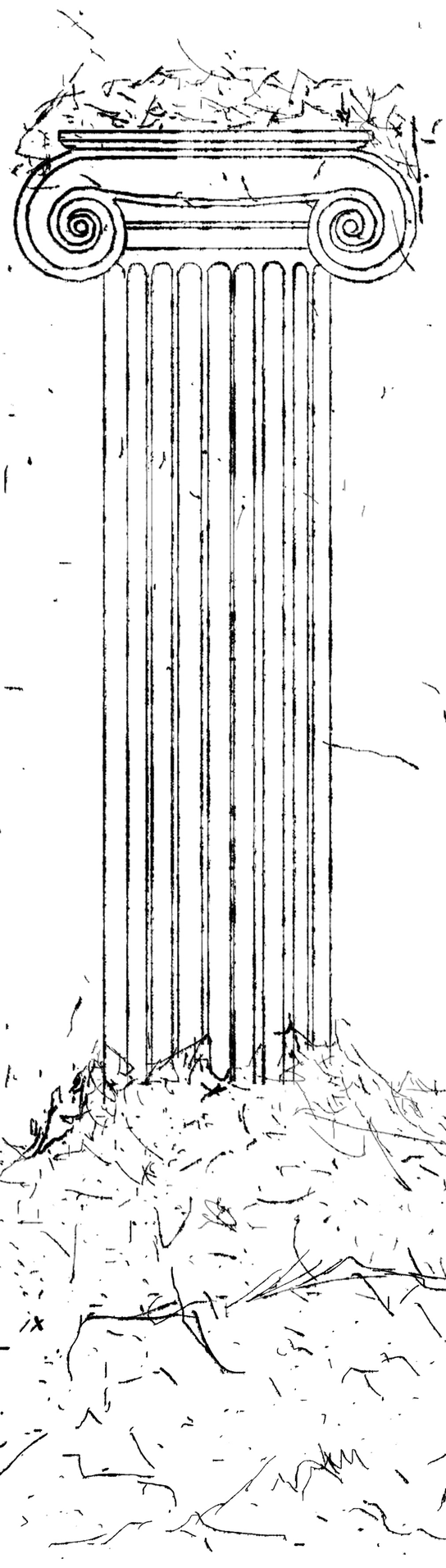


THE BEWILDERING STENCH OF A LADYBUG CRUSHED

I twirled the letters in a swirl
and held them to the light:
Which one am I inside?
he shriek'd
Which one am I inside?



THE ENTIRETY OF THE WESTERN CANON IS THE RESULT OF TOSSING CONFETTI AGAINST AN IONIC COLUMN UNTIL IT STACKS HIGH ENOUGH TO WORSHIP



AND I AM ITS TORCH-BEARING ZEALOT

NEAOMNBTE NU PHORIS MUEHRE

XXXX

THE RESISTANCE IN PUBLIC

LIFE IS A GRACEFUL RETREAT

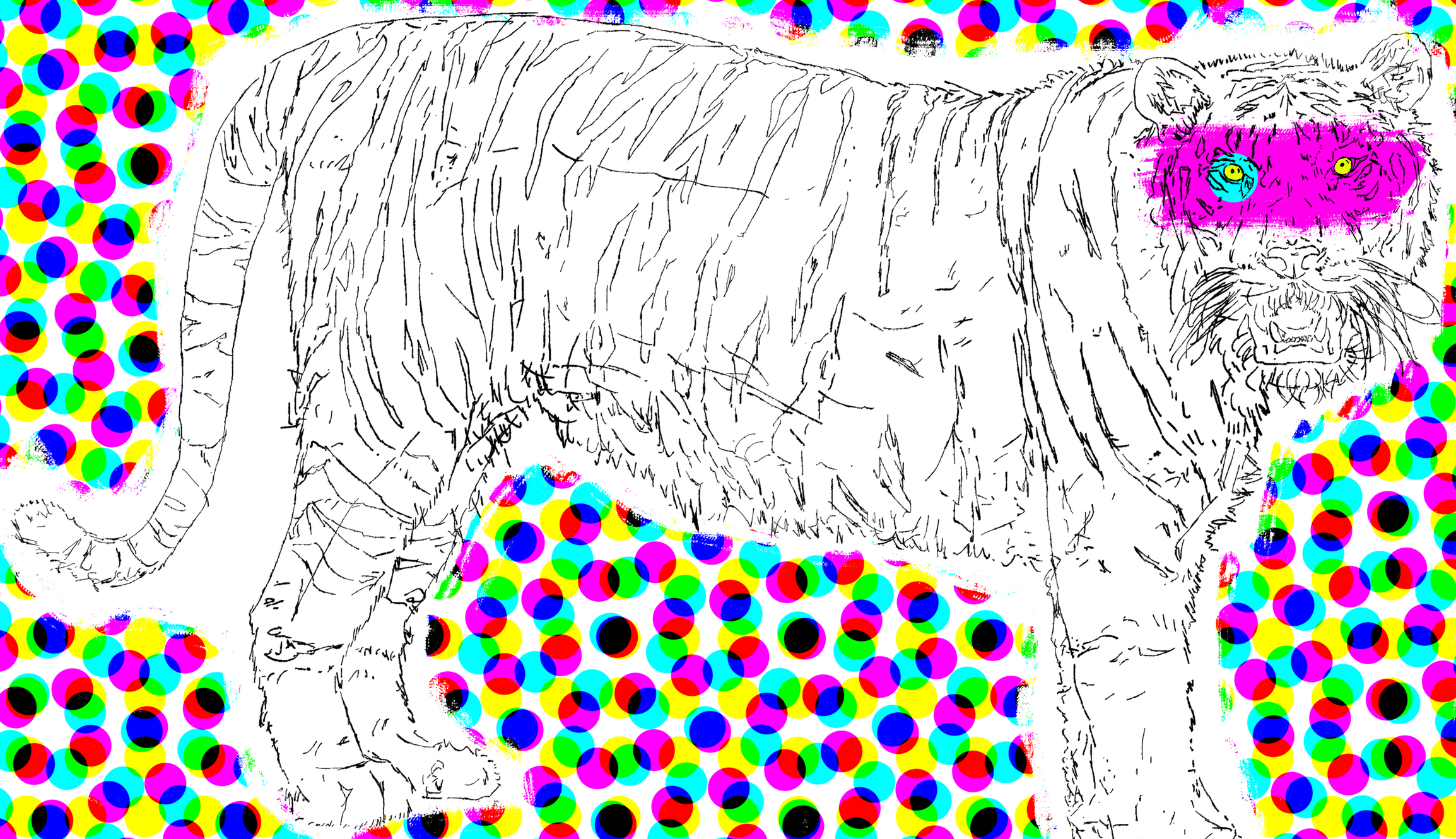
v e n t i

A low-cholesterol
slurry of artificial vitamin E,
antibiotics and
indiscriminate fucking
spread over craggy rock
and seared for centuries
to blister and drool until
something putrid crowns
and limps to the city
to be a poet or something
equally impotent,
flinging aphorisms
at Goldman Sachs.
A dream machine
spinning brittle
on a hostile boulder,
bobbing on a black lake
of boundless imagining-

Sorry, one moment.

Karen! Venti Chai Latte for Karen!

TYGER TYGER,
WHEEZING LIGHT,
IN A CAGE JUST
TO THE RIGHT;
WHAT ANTIBIOTIC
FOR UTI
COULD TAME
THY BURNING
DYSENTERY?



the quiet ground

I am walking the quiet ground now,
where the cold and wet contempt
weave gracious in the weeds.
I cannot read these stones about,
their carvings frayed and moss-covered,
but this one, I feel, is for

a Frenchman who drowned beneath a melting trench
while thinking on his mother's breast.

This stone here's a slavemaster's hurried abortion,
wrapped gently and buried in some shallow trash.

That scarred pillar marks the naked dance of
the red-faced man, suiciding sweetly in the firelight.

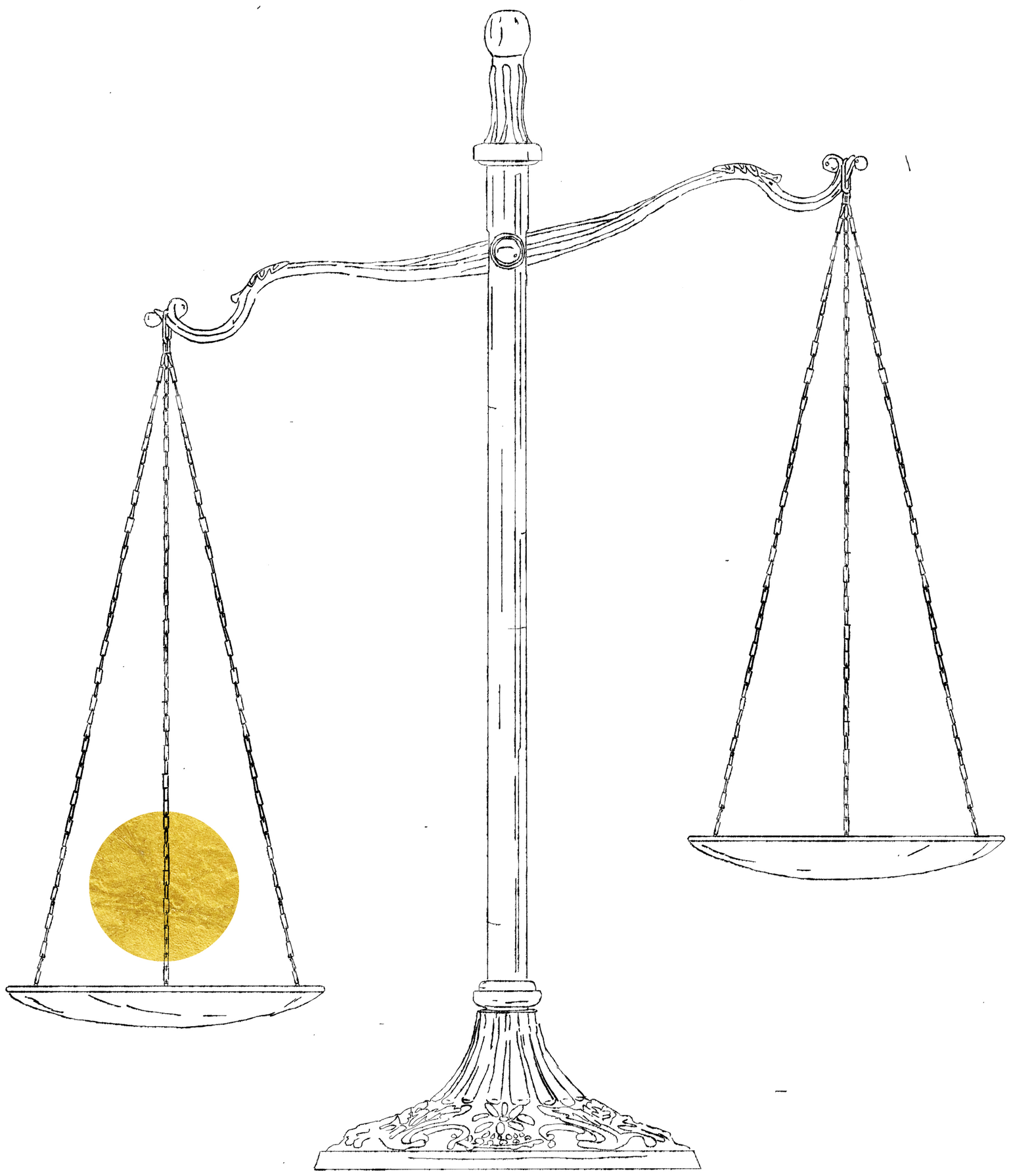
And this shell of cracked granite's for the virgin soldier - and his
newly splintered face - staring down a fissured dawn,
freed from God's good grace.

I do not know how they all went
- there are too many stones to fathom -
but I feel that it were a naked glory to the last.
And when their screams slumbered out
and joined the void, they found their rest here,
kept still by the rhythms of muffled footsteps on grass
and the slow shepherd waning of the cricket's shrill.
Gone the guns.
Gone the noise.
Gone it all away.
Gone the crying over tiny graves
for people you hoped to know one day.
Let the silent genocide play out
and spindle through the years.
No need to wonder anymore
whose stone-throw incited civil war.
That it was fought - and will be fought -
over greyer and greyer ground is well enough.

THE CICADAS
HUMMED
AND THE FOG
SPILLED
AND I SETTLED IN
AN EMPTY PLOT.
WHAT SPLENDOR,
I THOUGHT,
TO BE FORGOTTEN
IN SUCH
NOTEWORTHY
COMPANY

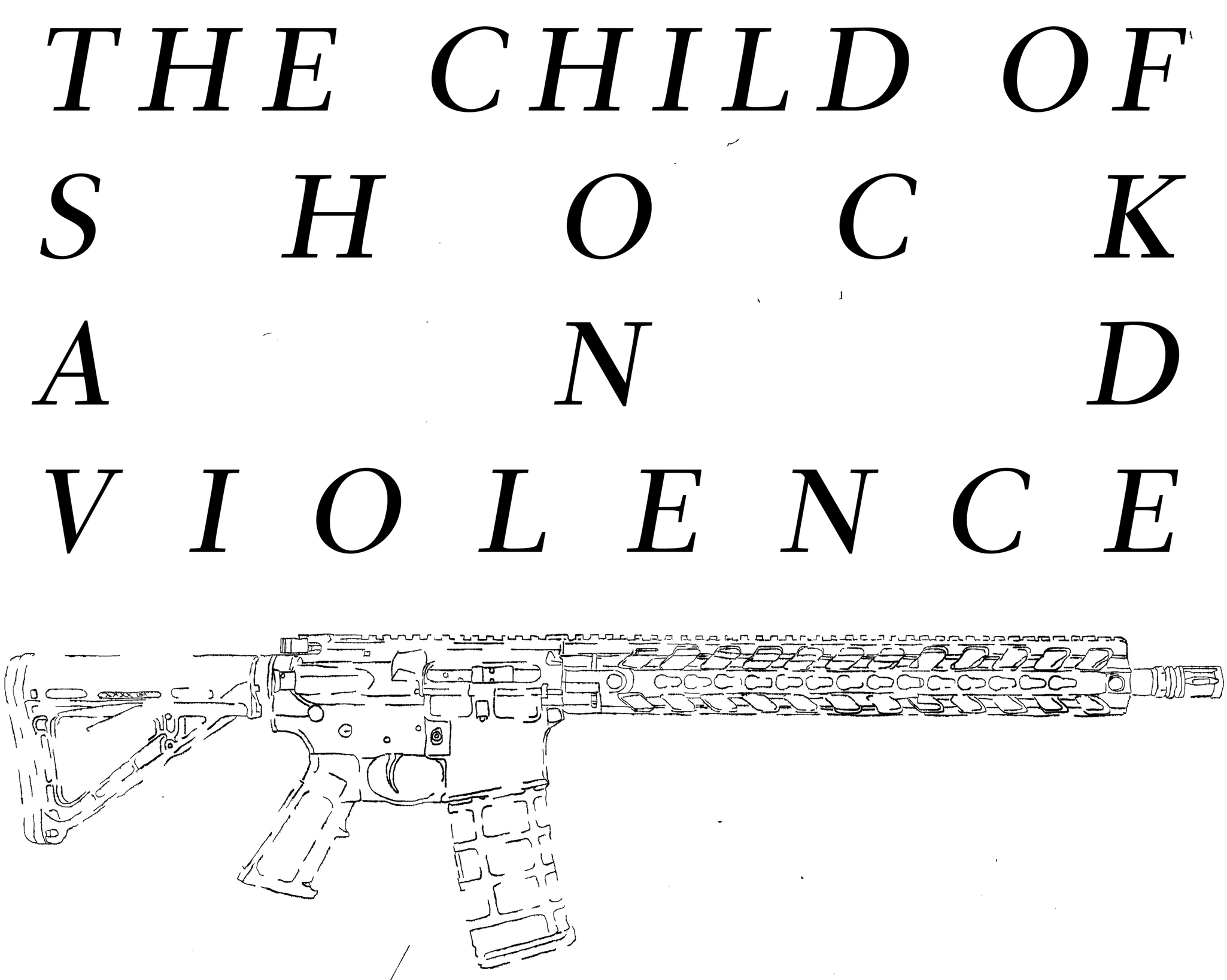
NON NUDE APHORISM #FOUR

HISTORY: A BALANCE AROUSED ONLY BY HANDFULS OF GOLDEN TEETH



PUREST SILENCE

THE CHILD OF SHOCKED VIOLENCE



WHERE HISTORY WERE SHELL CASINGS ARE

A MIGHTY PEN

BOOM!

SA_CASTPHOTO_PR.jpg

INTRODUCING

THE ALL-NEW CAST OF

the Real Housewives

OF SAUDI ARABIA

MEANWHILE, IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY...

A THOUGHT IS NOT COMPLETE UNTIL YOU'VE BEEN PUBLICLY PRAISED FOR HAVING IT

DOES IT MATTER?
@cunt_bucket

OBVIOUS TRUISM PARADING AS INSIGHT PRESENTED WITH AN ARRAY OF INTERSECTIONAL DOG WHISTLES THAT COALESCE TO SIGNAL A WILLINGNESS TO BOW BEFORE THE MOST SPECIOUS TENETS OF IDENTITY POLITICS IN ORDER TO FURTHER BUILD SOCIAL CURRENCY WHILE SELLING YAAAS QUEEEEEN T-SHIRTS ON ETSY AND CASHING CHECKS FROM CONDE NASTE. ALSO I HAVE A #PATREON. #BASICALLYROSAPARKS #RAIDSHADOWLEGENDS

2:22 PM, Mar 14, 2020

4.7K Retweets **12.5K** Likes

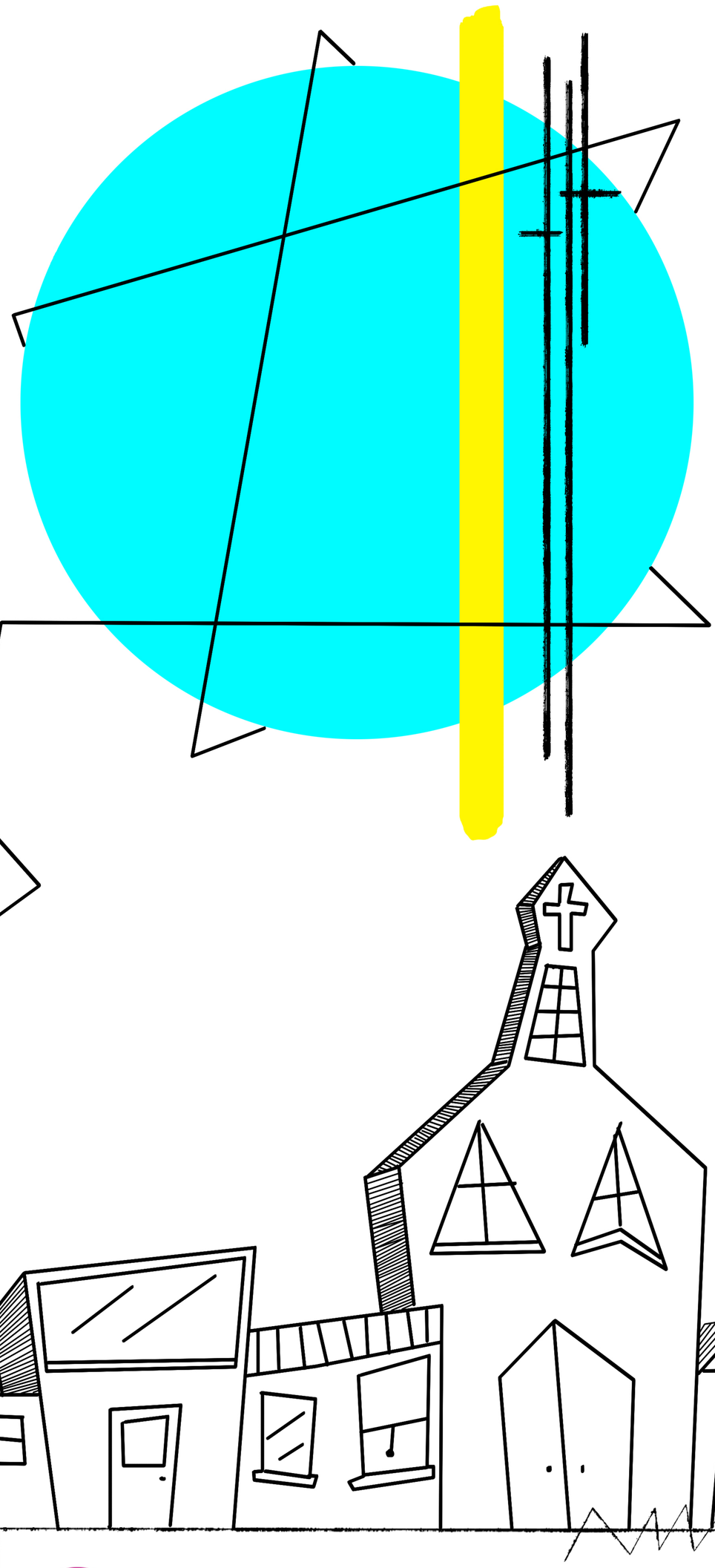
SYCOPHANCY_FRAN @bootlicker_MOB 2h
Replying to @cunt_bucket
GENERIC REPLY SIGNALLING SUPPORT IN HOPES THAT IT LEECHES A CRUMB OF ATTENTION TO HELP MITIGATE THE BITTER REALITY THAT I AM TALENTLESS AND DEALING WITH NASTY BODY IMAGE ISSUES THAT INSTEAD OF CONFRONTING PROJECT ONTO THE FLATTEST SURFACE I CAN FIND: THE MIND OF THE AVERAGE TWITTER USER. #JUSTWANTTOBELONG #SLAVERYISBAD #MURDERISBAD #SAYNOTOGENOCIDE #BADISBAD #TYPE2ISBEAUTIFUL

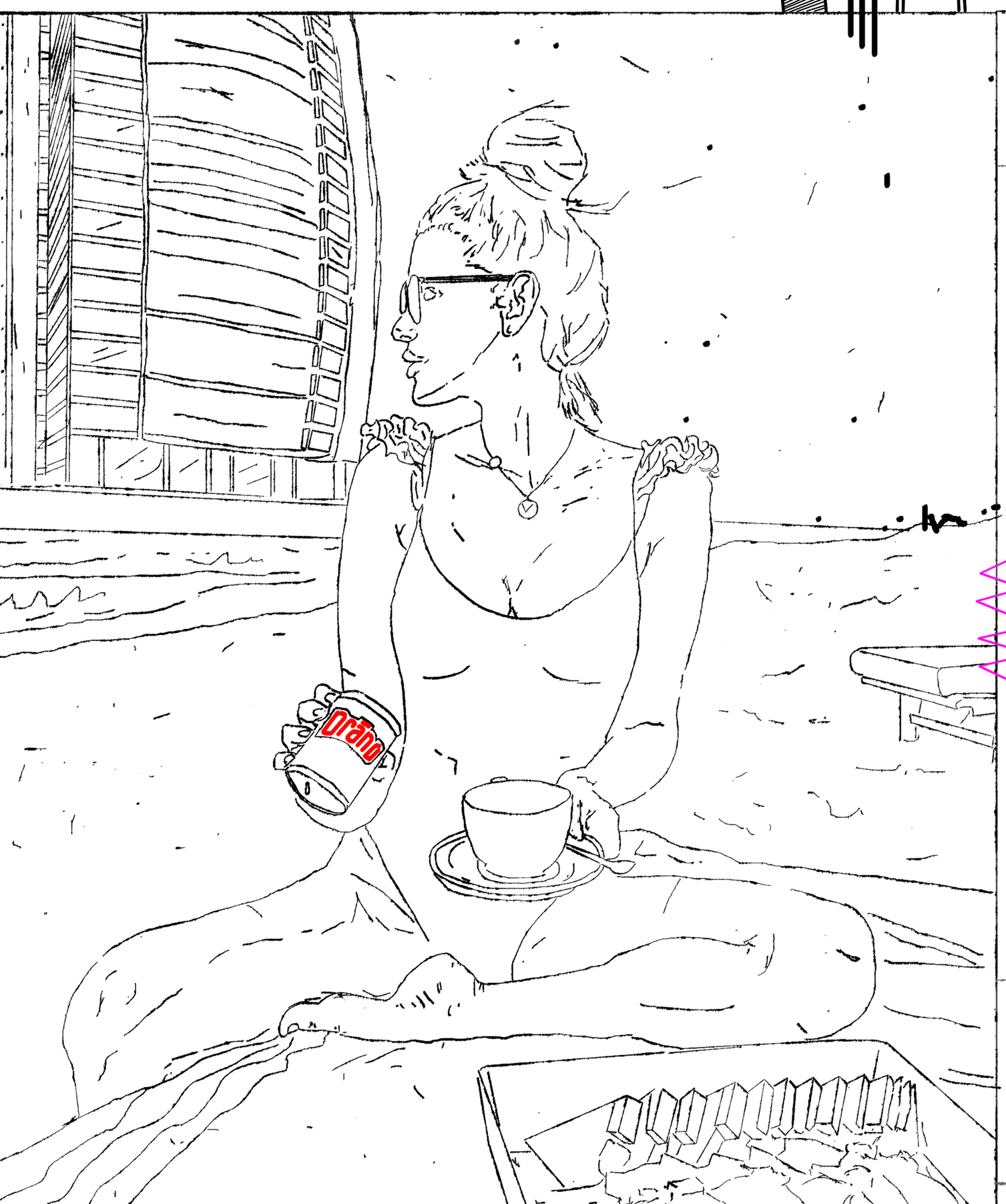
1

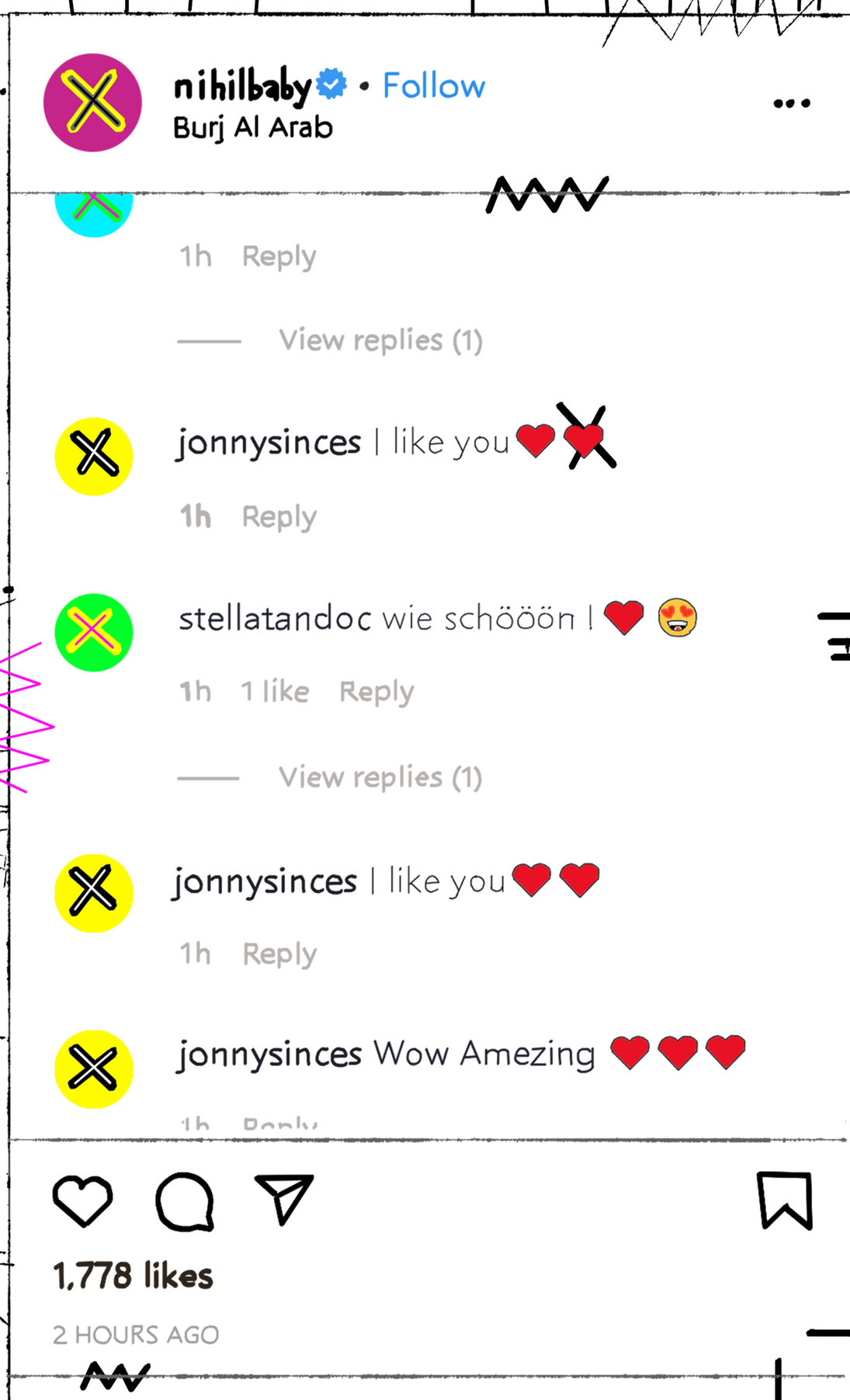
MUNCHAUSEN BABY @sprinting_from_TRAUMA 1h
Replying to @cunt_bucket

MEANWHILE, IN THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY...

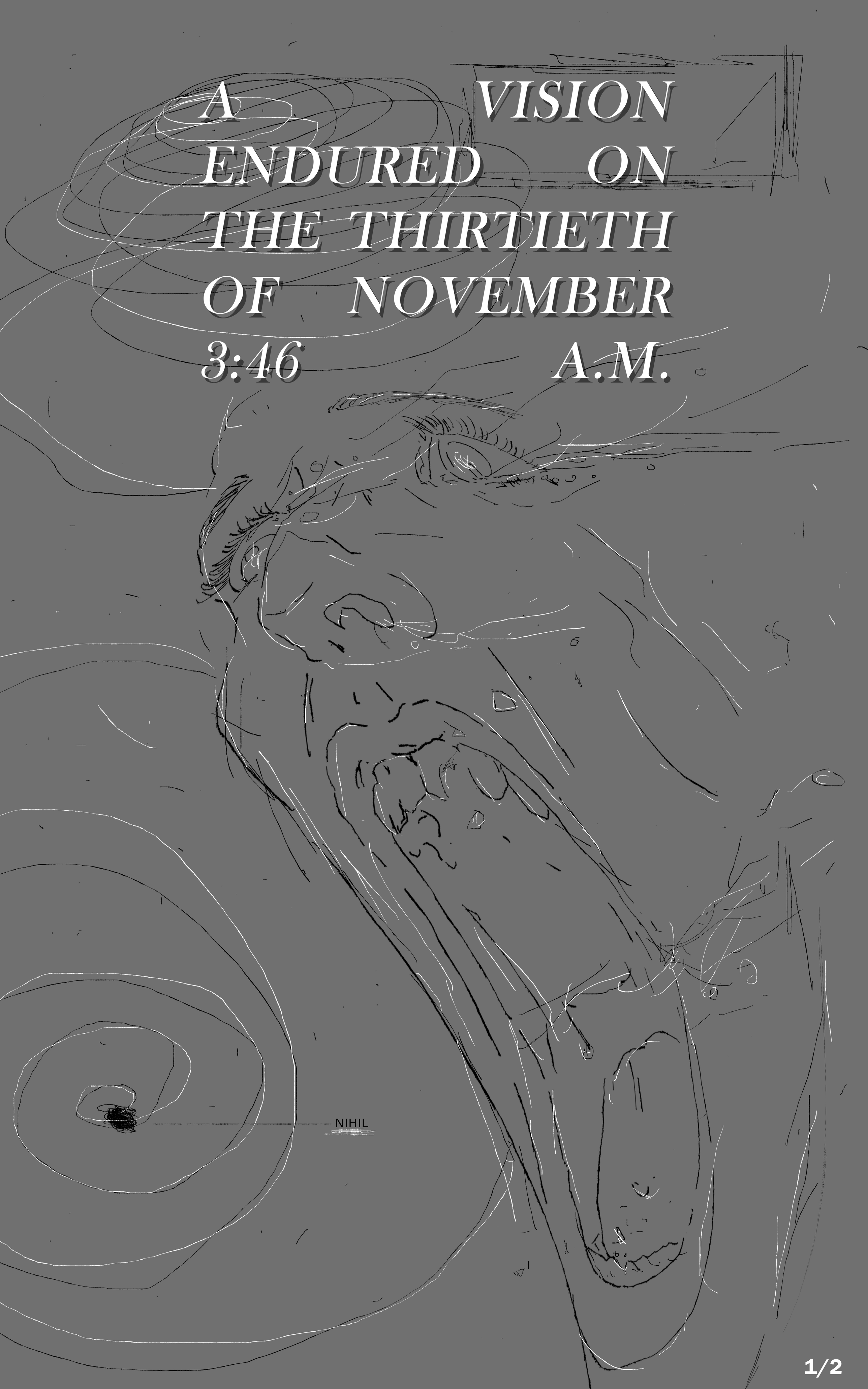
A THOT IS NOT COMPLETE UNTIL HER FIRST MYSTERIOUSLY FUNDED TRIP TO DUBAI





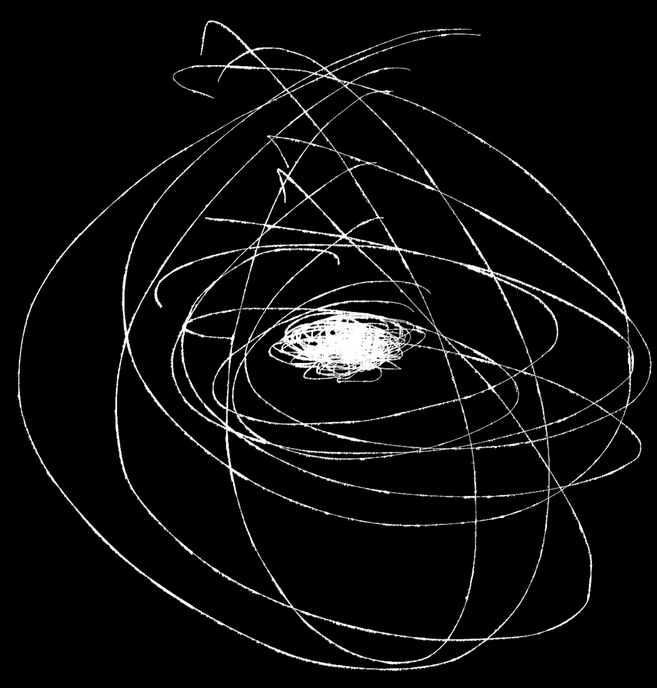


A VISION ENDURED ON THE THIRTIETH OF NOVEMBER 3:46 A.M.



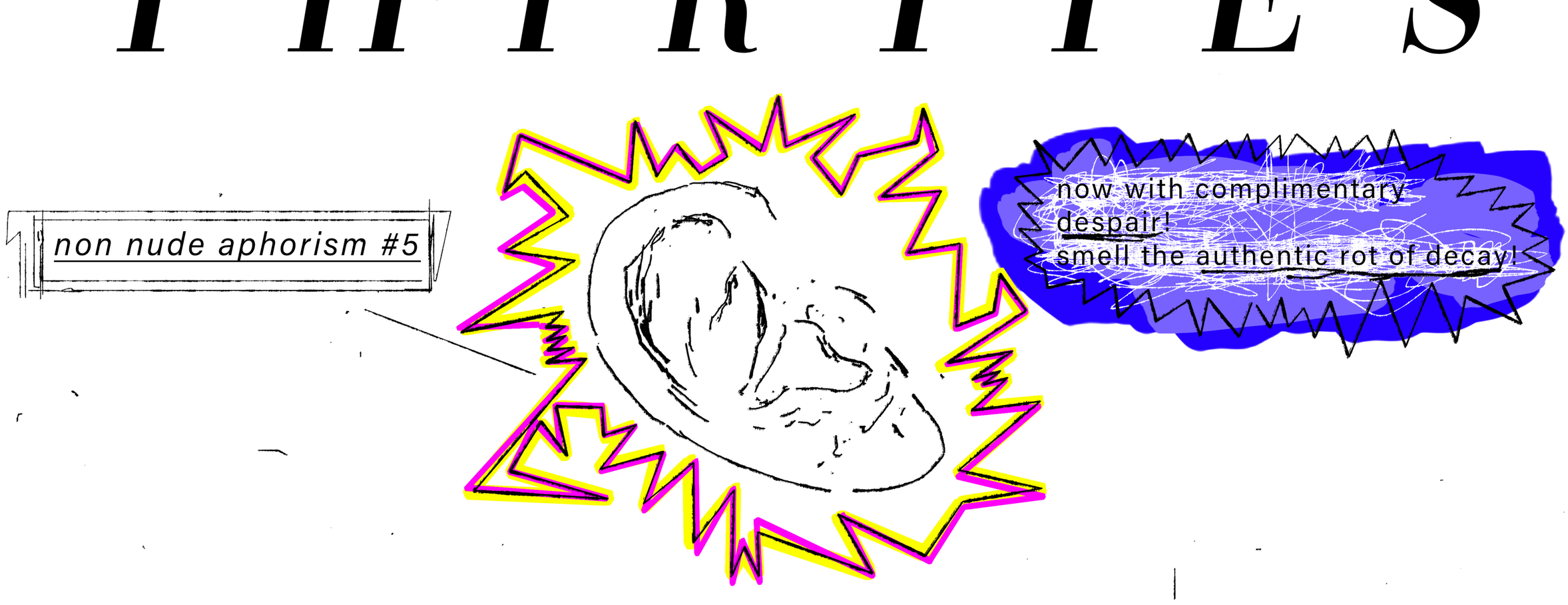
a vision, endure

A halo of screaming faces
orbiting the black star Nihil,
shrieking mutely in the
void of space,
choking on mud
of darker pitch than
should rightly be.
Red,
yellow,
bonewhite.
A blur that thrashes unrelenting,
a hazard pace born of what
speed became when set ablaze.
Mouths agape.
Jaws scraping out the socket.
Splintered teeth.
Eyes ribboned
by crystal ice,
bleeding tar in the blaze of space
and spinning, spinning, spinning
with repugnant haste.



The horror there was everywhere.
The same.
The same.
The same.
Pain will prove too weak a word
for what violations remain.
From the rest, of telling,
I must, disdainfully, refrain.

PROXIMITY TO THE AMERICAN DREAM IS MEASURED BY HOW MANY MASTERWORKS YOU OWN BY ARTISTS WHO DIED IN THEIR THIRTIES



ISSISSIPPI
ISSISSIPPI
ISSISSIPPI
SSISSIPPI
ISSISSIPPI MISS
SSISSIPPI MISSI
SSISSIPPI MISSI
ISSIPPI MISSI
SISSIPPI MISS
SISSIPPI MISS

DID YOU KNOW?

CAN WE AFFORD?

DYING IN A COMBAT ZONE PAYS 3X
RED BULL REWARD POINTS TO YOUR NEXT OF KIN!

DID WE EVER GET MONSTER'S COUNTER OFFER?

ADD MORE COLORS TO ATTRACT YOUTH

CONTRACTUALLY THE LOGO MUST BE FULLY LEGIBLE

RTNI

MAYBE WEAR A TANK TOP?
DO YOUTH KNOW UNCLE SAM?

STRONG AND CLEAR MESSAGING

I WANT YOU TO HIT SNOOZE

ON THE SUICIDE CLOCK

ROUGH DRAFT

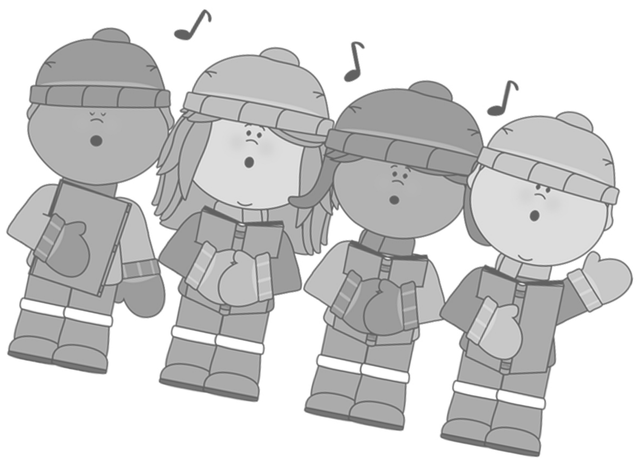
Sandy Hook Elementary School

DAILY SCHEDULE for:

FRIDAY!!!

DECEMBER 14, 2012

TIME	ACTIVITY
8:30 - 9:00	Arrival and Greeting at Welcome Center
9:00 - 9:15	*All-School Morning Greeting!!!*
9:15 - 9:25	Class Migration and Official Attendance
9:25 - 9:35	Holiday Songs from Around the World
9:35	



on perfection

A young girl hovered over my
notebook on the train. She was
closer than an adult would allow but
never near enough to sate her curious mining.
I feigned to miss her intrusion and turned to the window.
She looked, too.

She
at the wild green-gold of the city,
a rolling frollic borne by some god's
GLORIOUS WILL!!!

and I
at her raptured reflection,
the speckled light flashing hazel in her eyes,
older this moment than the last.

SEMANTIC SATIATION FOR CHICKENHAWKS,

ADDRESSED TO THE

WARMONGERS

OF

AMERICA

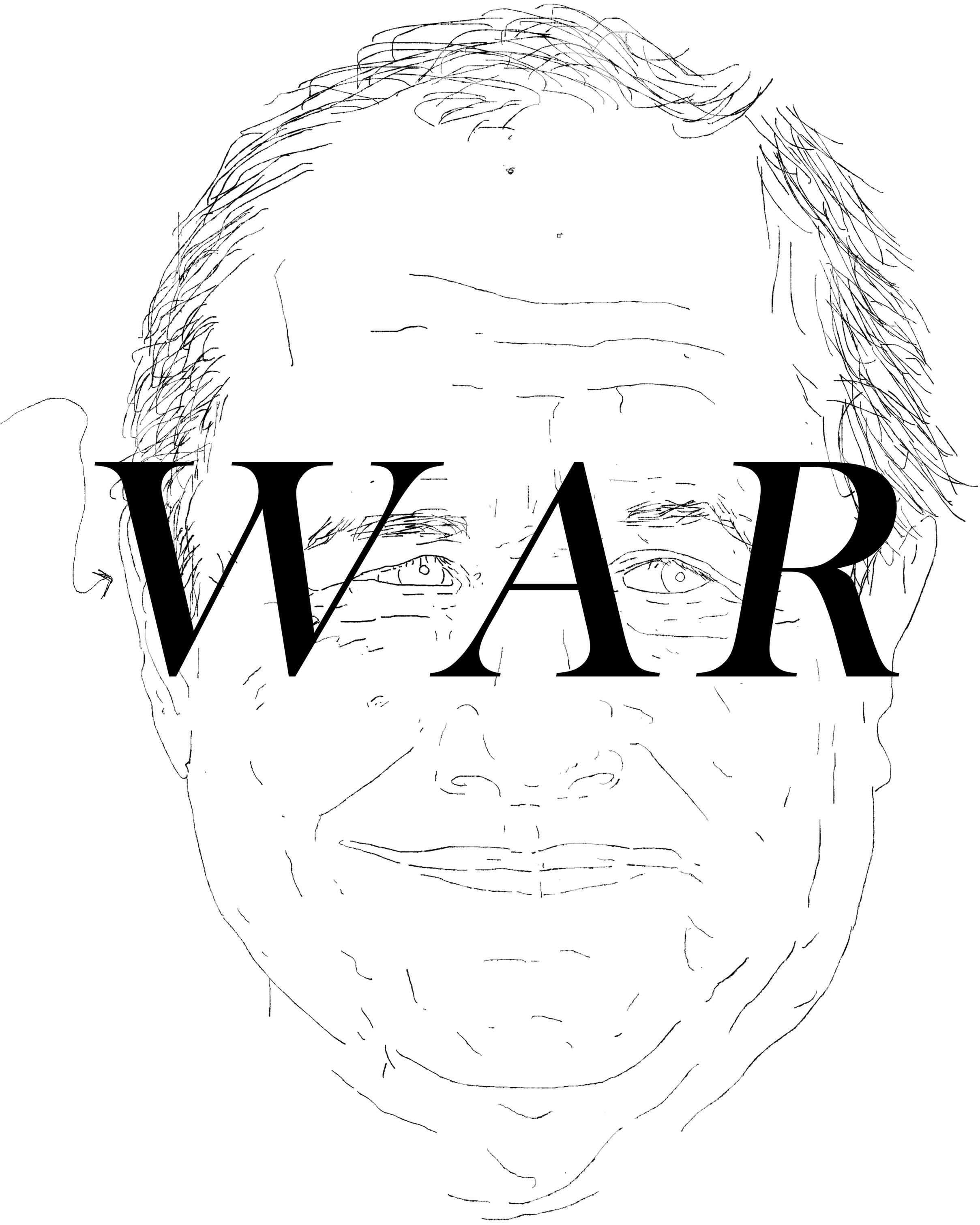
INSTRUCTIONS

Read and repeat the following word aloud until *Semantic Satiation* occurs, an experience best described as the uncanny loss of meaning a word endures when used recklessly

C H I C A G O Printed :

C H I C A G O, Reprinted and Sold, by THE CHAMPAGNE'S ELECTRIC

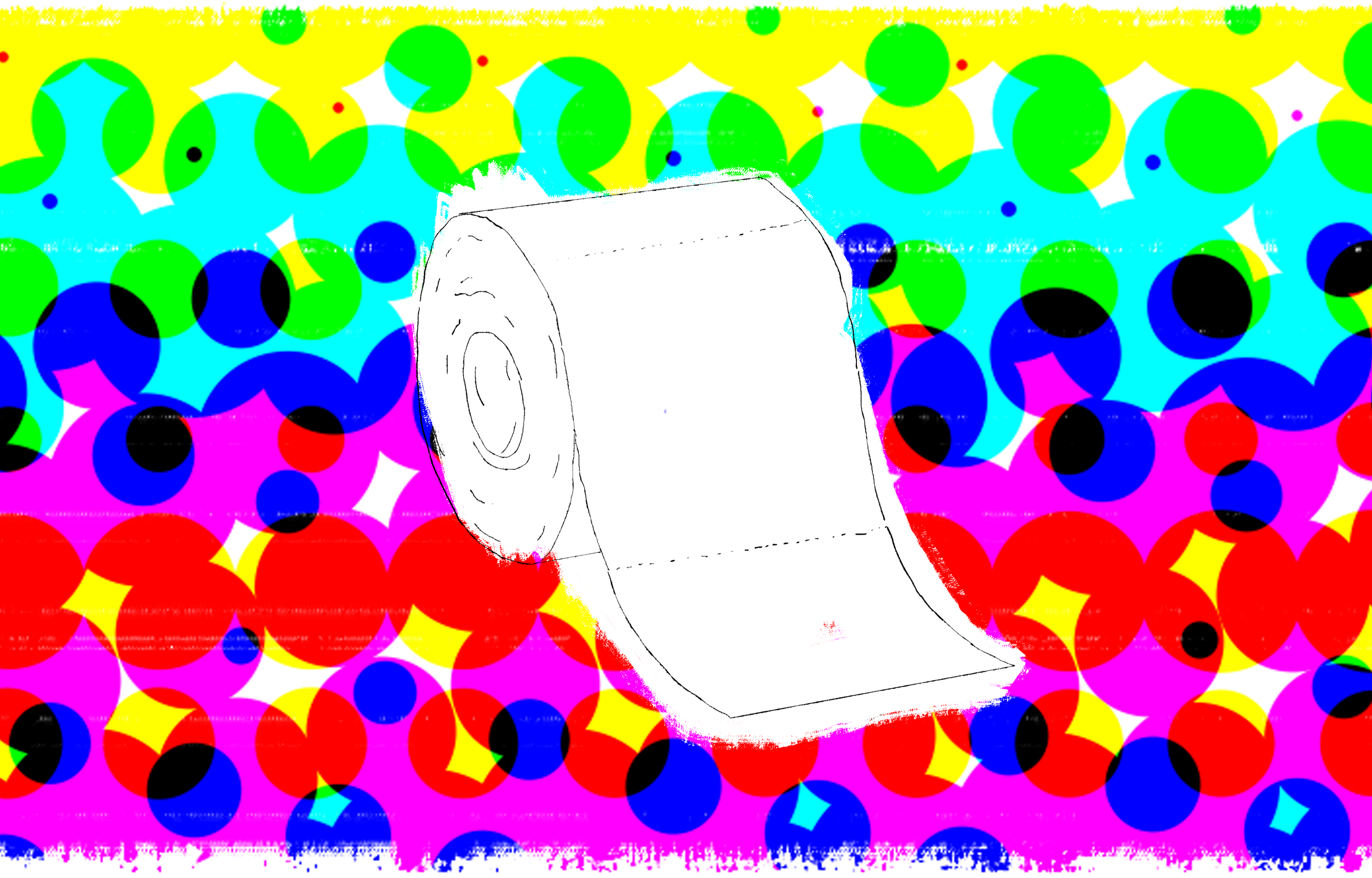
M M X X


WAR

MARILYN
UNWOUND
IN
NEON
STRINGS
AND
DEEPLY
CONVINCINGLY
IN
HOLLYWOOD
RETHATCHES
NATION'S
FIRST
TECHNICOLOR
TRAGEDY

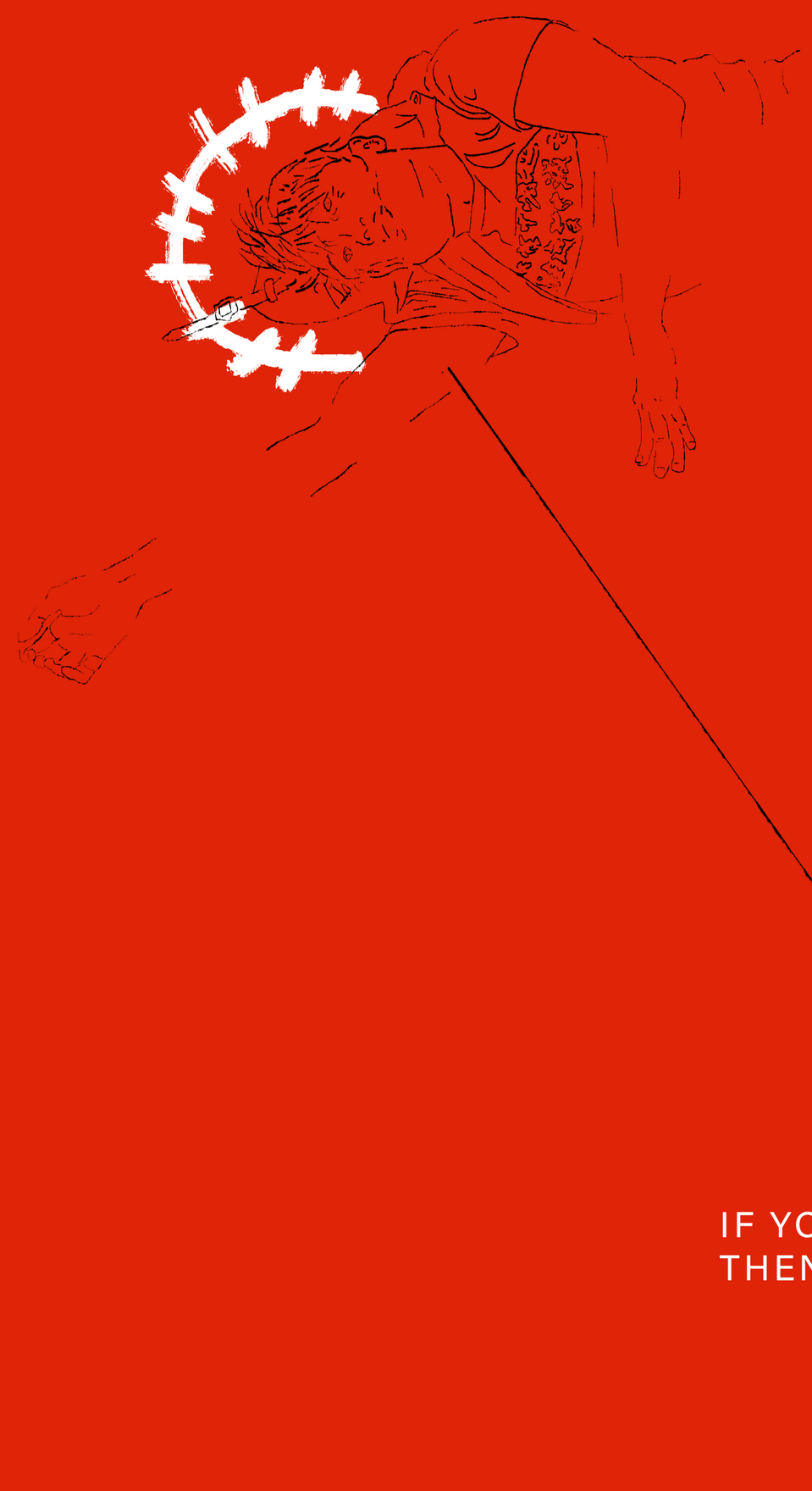
non nude aphorism #six

A THIN VENEER CIVILITY MUST BE



TO WASH WITH COLD SWEAT SO EASILY

光復香港，時代革命



IF YOU DO NOT SEE CRISPUS ATTUCKS
THEN YOU ARE NOT LOOKING

IF WE ONLY TRY!!! *PART 1*

(A word cloud on what it takes to be a succesful American, contracted)

IF WE ONLY TRY!!! PART 2

(A word cloud on what it takes to be a succesful American, expanded)

LUCK

!!!

YOU STUPID

FUCKS

THE FALL OF THE TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY

the fall of the twen

We are the things
thrust on the lip of wave.
The sons and daughters of sediment
shaken loose,
dispersed dilute in the maelstrom's motherclutch
until the Culture flops in broth and settles slow,
waiting to be raised once more.

I'm sorry, traveller.
Tell me of your kingdom on that curved tumult.
Show me the cathedrals you've raised on the twists
and I will point you the rubble of tomorrow's promise.

But do forgive your befores for mistaking it
in their stupid perseverance
- the ghosts of *MANIFEST DESTINY!!!* still ragged on them,
a brutal inheritance -
forgive them for calling it a turn.

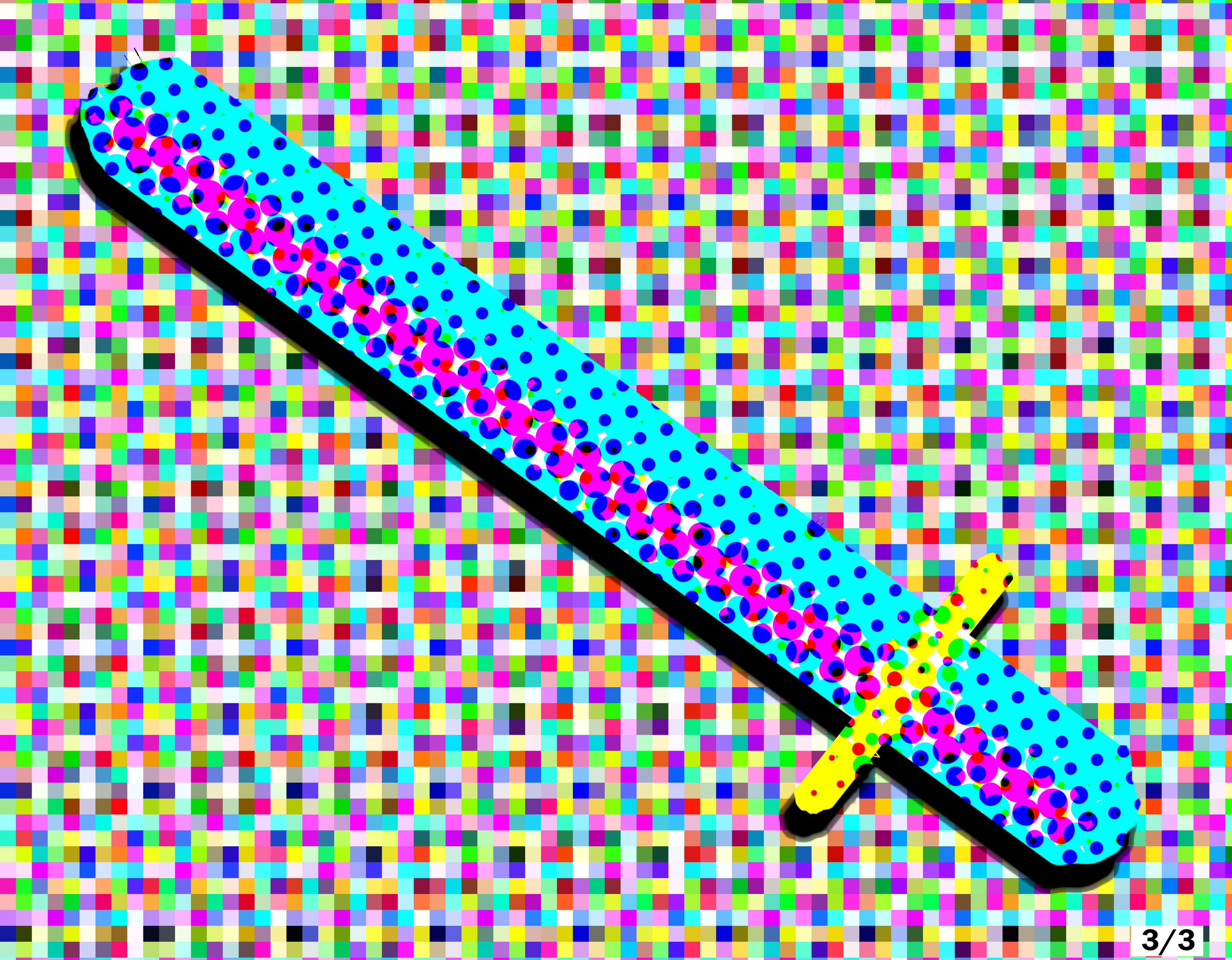
Twenty-one long leaps from the tomb with Golgotha yet underfoot.
The wave is at zenith!
Its riders seeing for the first not the azure endlessspace,
that rushroaded limitless,
but instead pallid shockmasks invert,
the rabblement's mirrored droning,
familiar families all! Then -
fall fall fall

Come, sit near this crystalline fire.
List the distant shatter.
The splintered tides of
beryl glass cracklin' quiet.

How I wish that teeth were not the only authors worth reading.

Or that my father, pointing to his lightless mime,
was right in pleading -
"We may outrun it if we only try!"

Say, have you learned the impossible wisdom that waits at the end of every knife?
Or that stone-philosophies *SHATTER* when tapped gently with steel?
Were you more familiar, you'd understand why we've never
loosed our manic handles grip after forging
- a branch's rough clutch over rapids -
and why, even when blinded by the welcomezeal of messiahs-come-lately,
the palmless hand will always hide a razor.

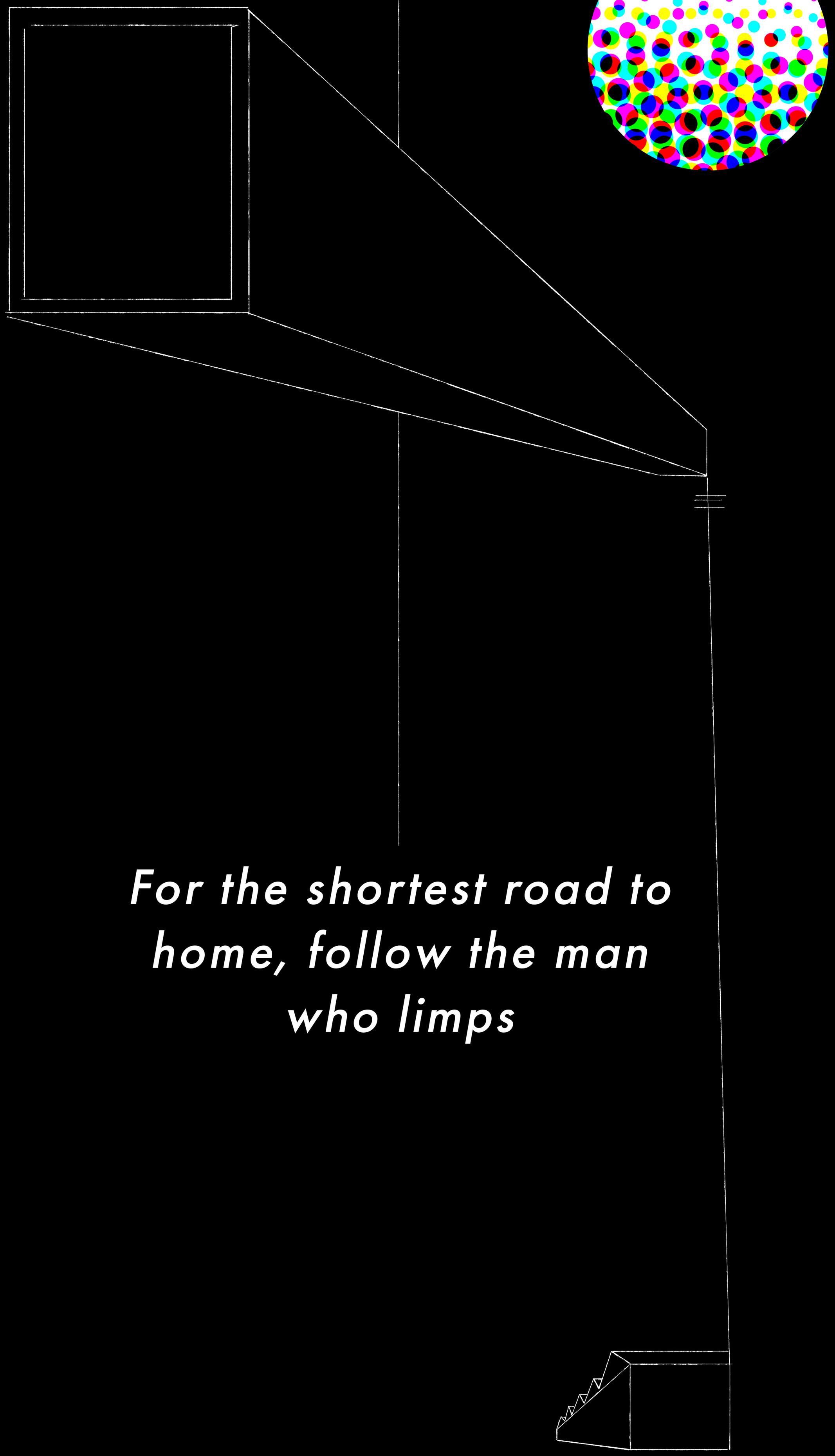


THE GHOSTS OF MANIFEST DESTINY STILL RAGGED ON THEM

THE REIGN OF MEN

A CORPSE PILE IMMOLATE

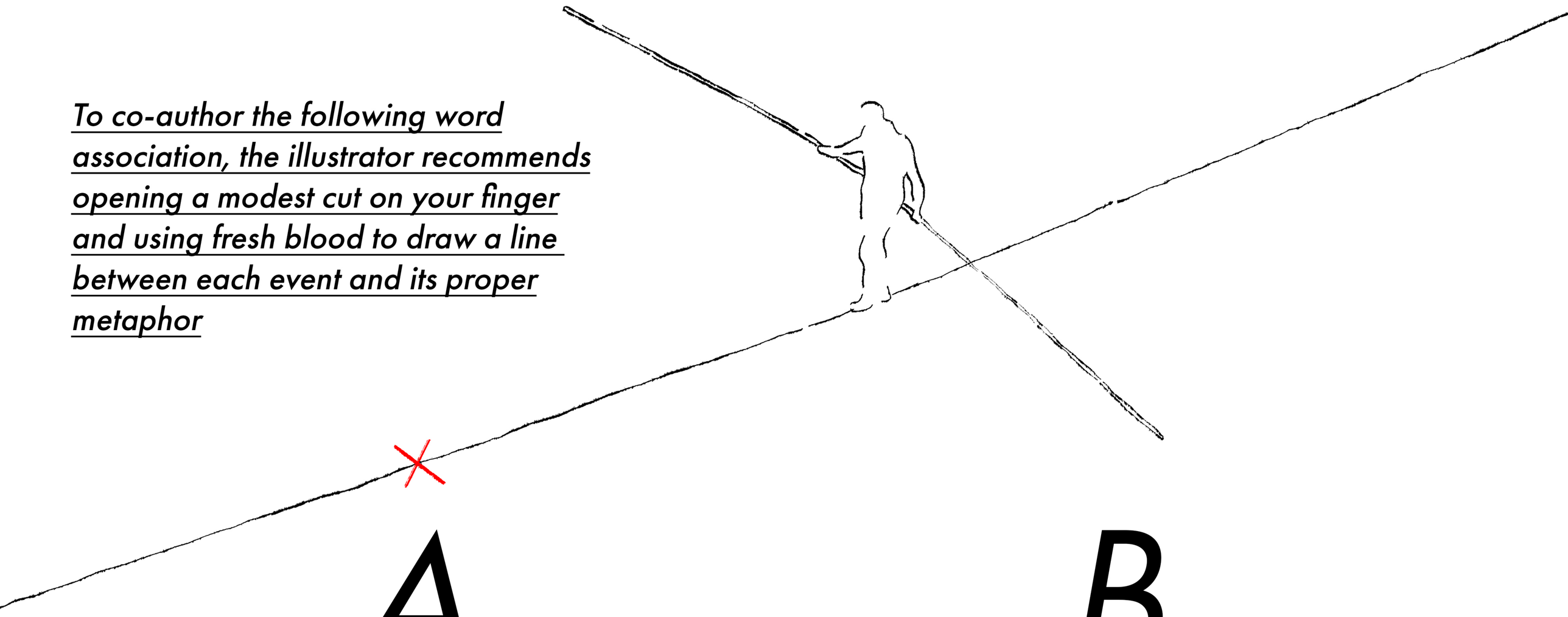
THE WONDROUS COMFORTS OF TYRANNY



For the shortest road to
home, follow the man
who limps

WORD ASSOCIATION at 1,368 FEET

To co-author the following word association, the illustrator recommends opening a modest cut on your finger and using fresh blood to draw a line between each event and its proper metaphor



A	B
9/11	Amuse-bouche
COVID-19	Amuse-bouche
The Great Recession	Amuse-bouche
The Election of Donald Trump	Amuse-bouche
Oklahoma City Bombing	Amuse-bouche
Wall Street Bailout	Amuse-bouche
Opioid Epidemic	Amuse-bouche
Wars in Iraq, Afhghanistan	Amuse-bouche

OPTIONAL: Upon completion, mail to your congressman

we are on the lip of a great humbling

you’re fucked

NON NUDE APHORISM

IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE DOG IN THE FIGHT, IT'S THAT THERE IS LITERALLY A DOG F I G H T HAPPENING IN YOUR COUSIN'S BACKYARD JESUS CHRIST YOU SAID YOU WENT TO BIBLE CAMP T O G E T H E R

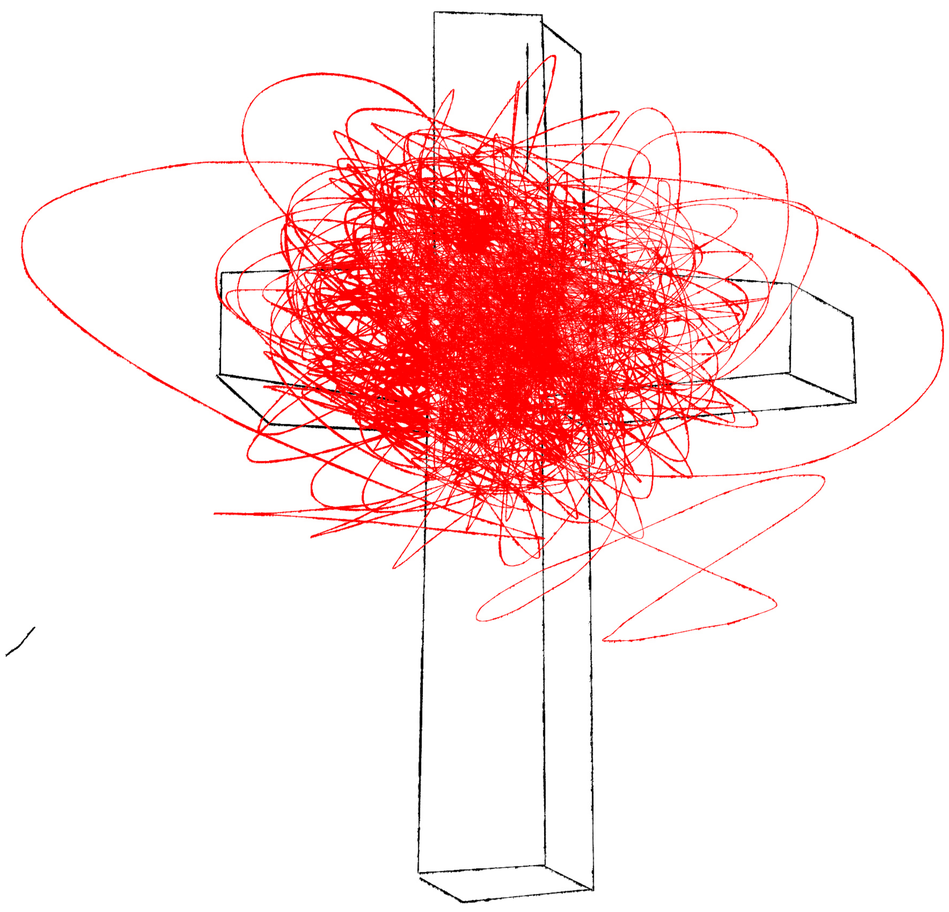
CARDINAL AMONGST THE MINNESOTA

cardinal amongst

I was nineteen
and profoundly stupid.
The sun jettyed
the backside of the overpass
like yolk peeking down the table ledge
and I was wet of the Minnesota River.
Was it March or April then?

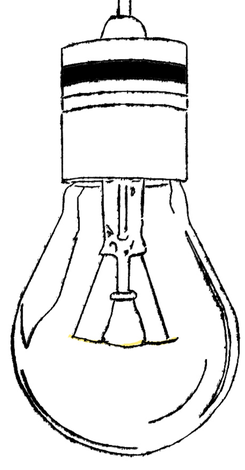
Flatback in a circle of trees,
crusted muck,
water stinging the wrists.
A drafty respite here
behind the pills,
chittering in communion
with others urging sleep.

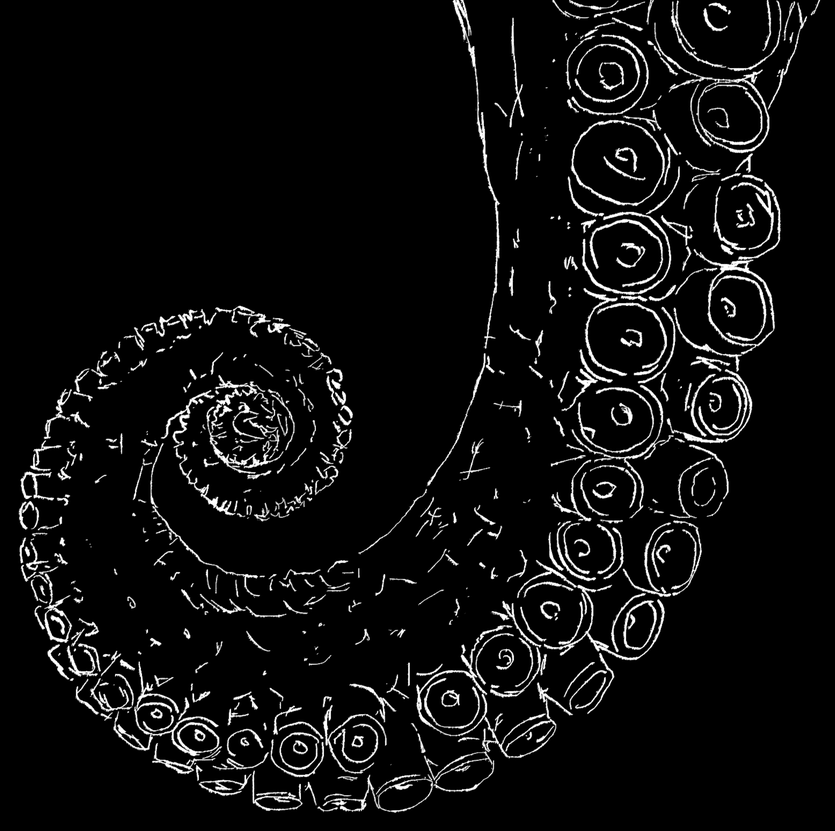
But you,
you unmoor me even in recollection.
Always a reach's length overhead,
leaning in a pesky stance.
You tiny thing.
A polemic of sharp whistles,
your plume of bruised red
dimpling in the volley.
You small, stupid Beauty!
You peacethief who notes me
and rightly scolds my using this place
to sleep.



Fuck off broken boy,
you seem to say.
Your words will shine
of gold in the depths
of a bullet wound one day.

A HASTILY COMPOSED PORTRAIT OF RALPH ELLISON, PRESENTED IN THE STYLE OF HIS PROTAGONIST

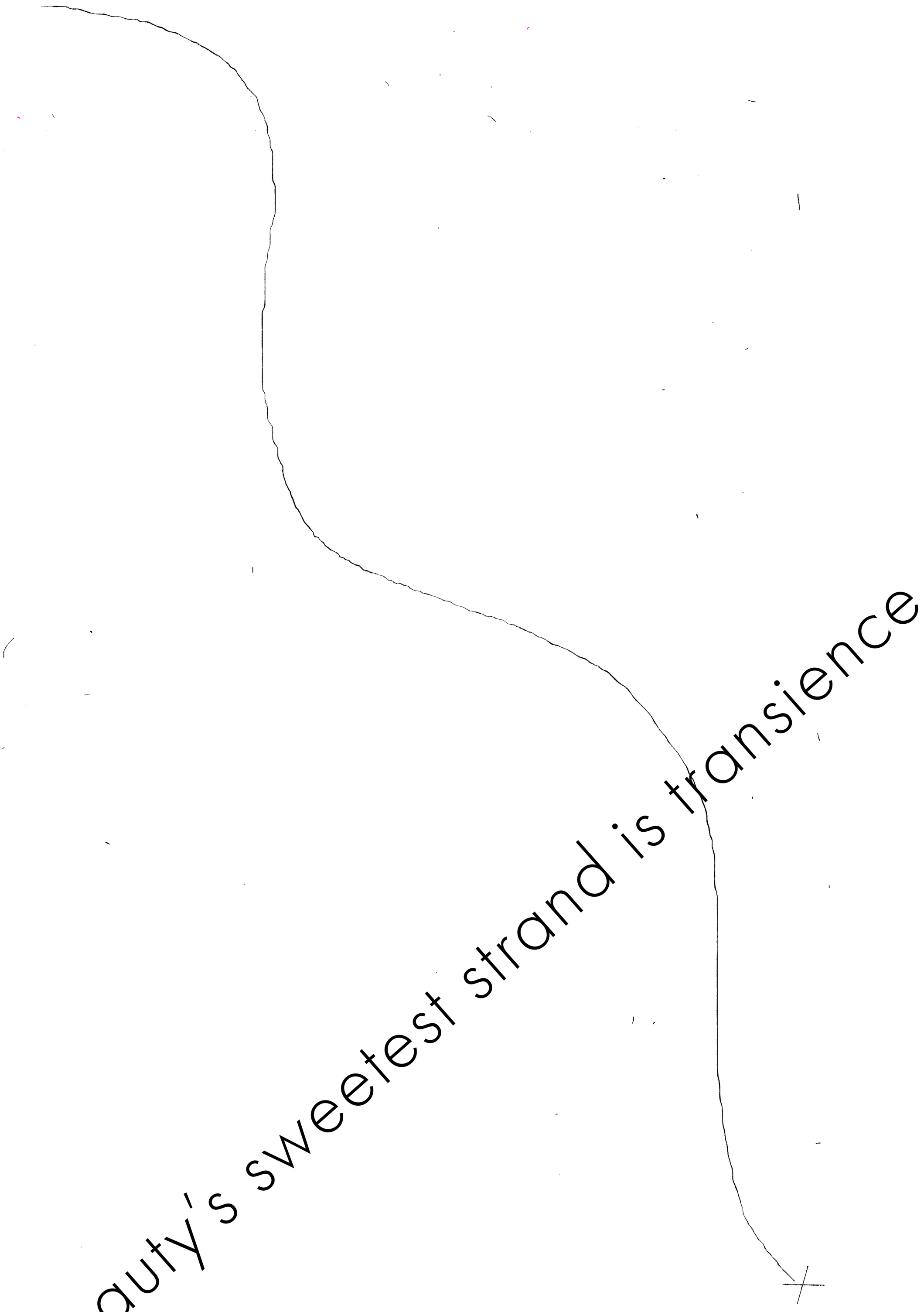


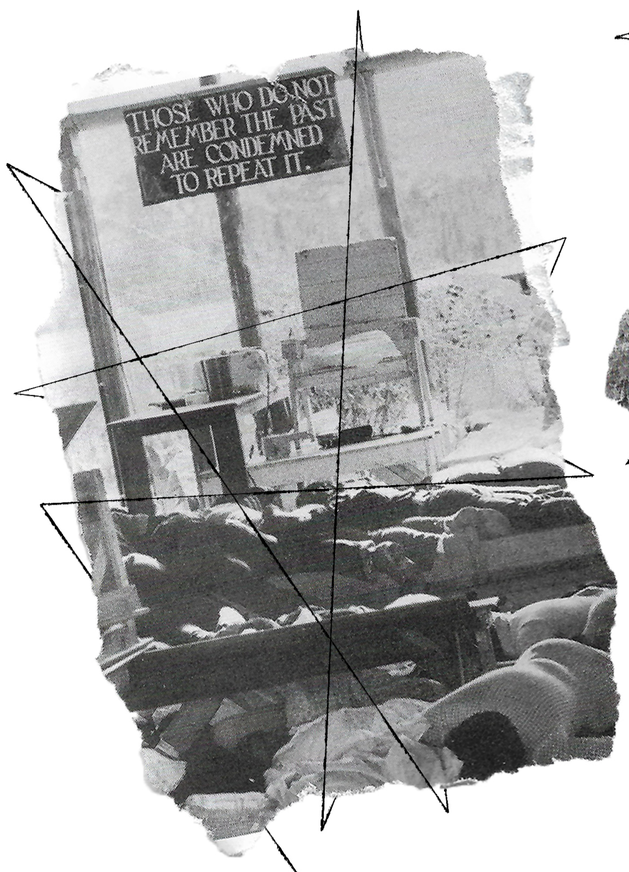


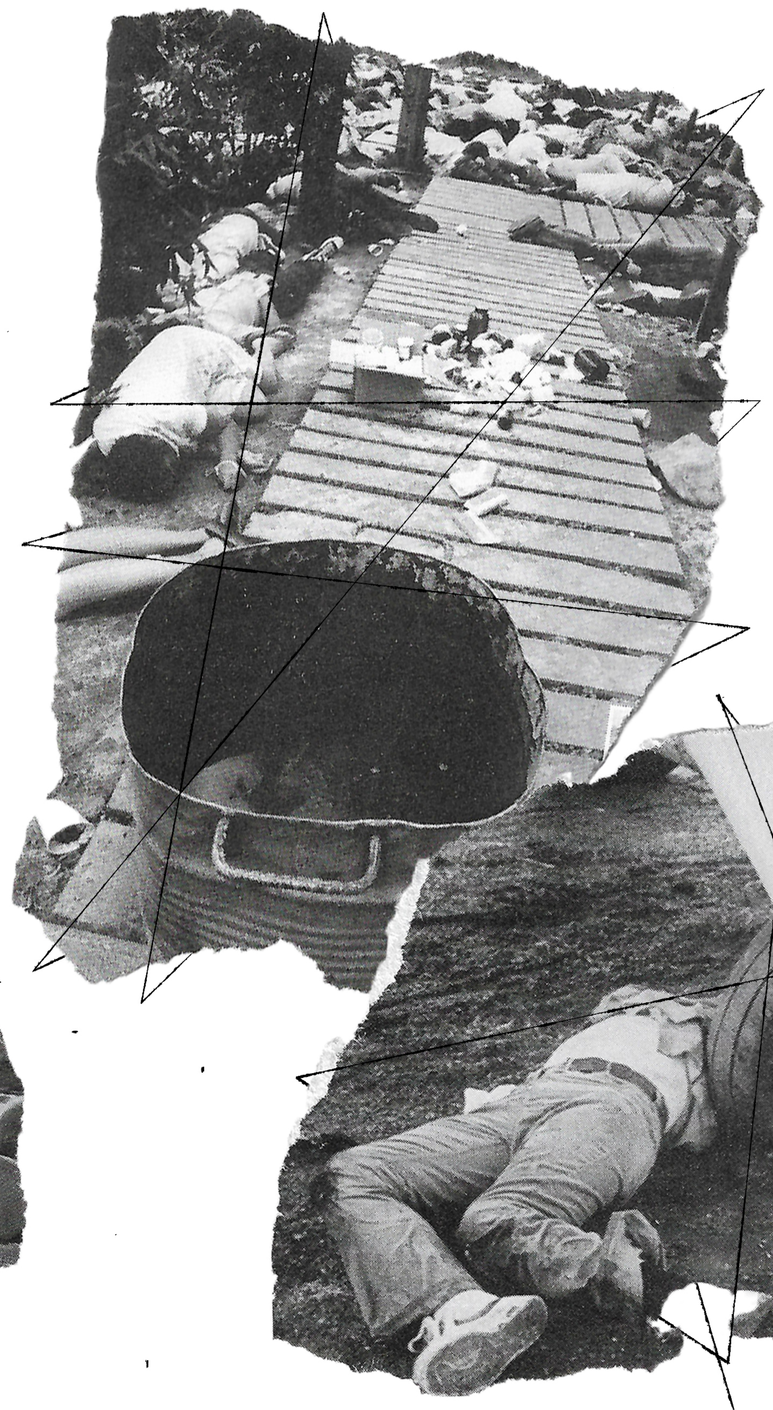
I T
I S
N O T
HIDDEN

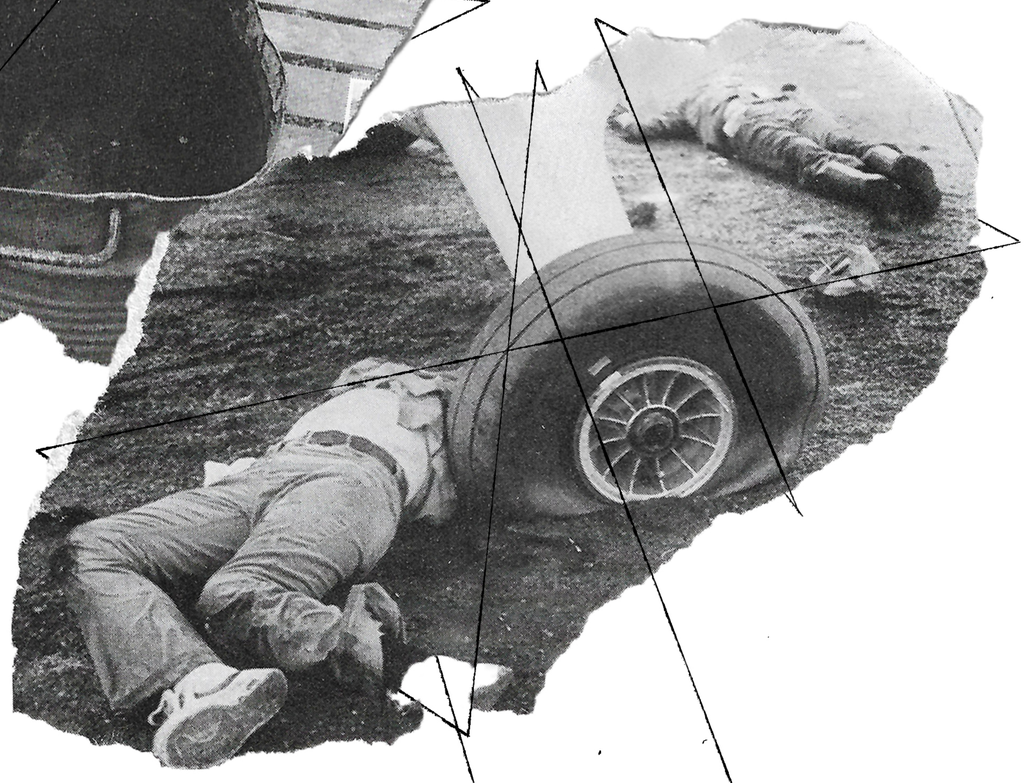
W E
D O
N O T
W I S H
T O
S E E

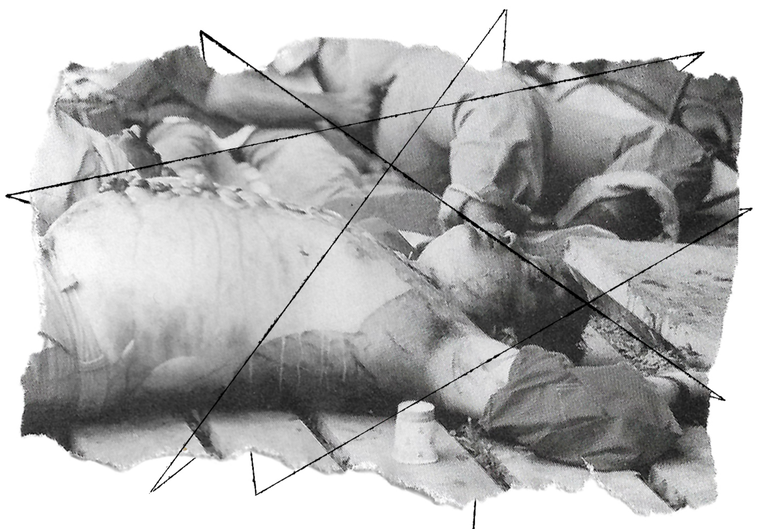
non nude aphorism #8







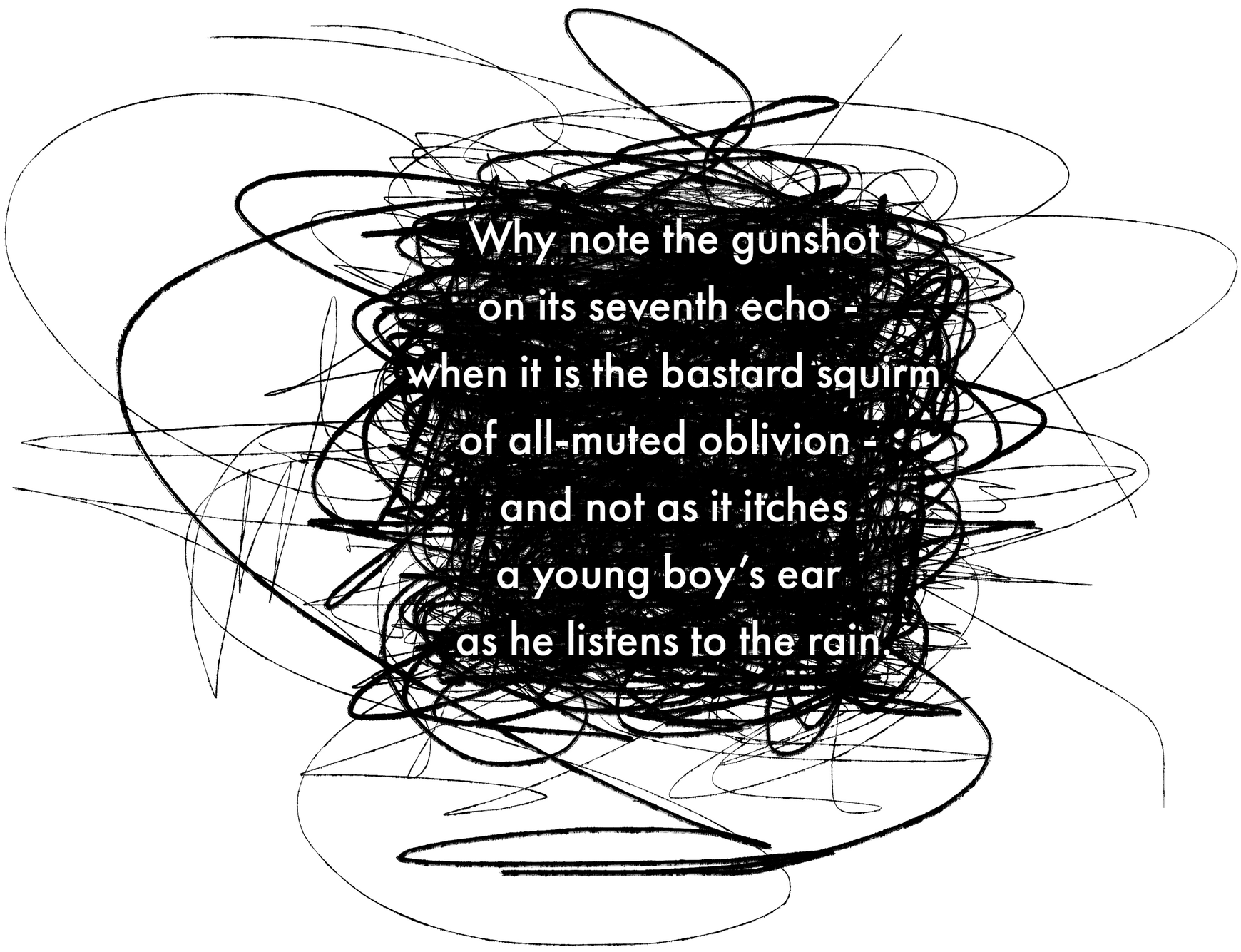




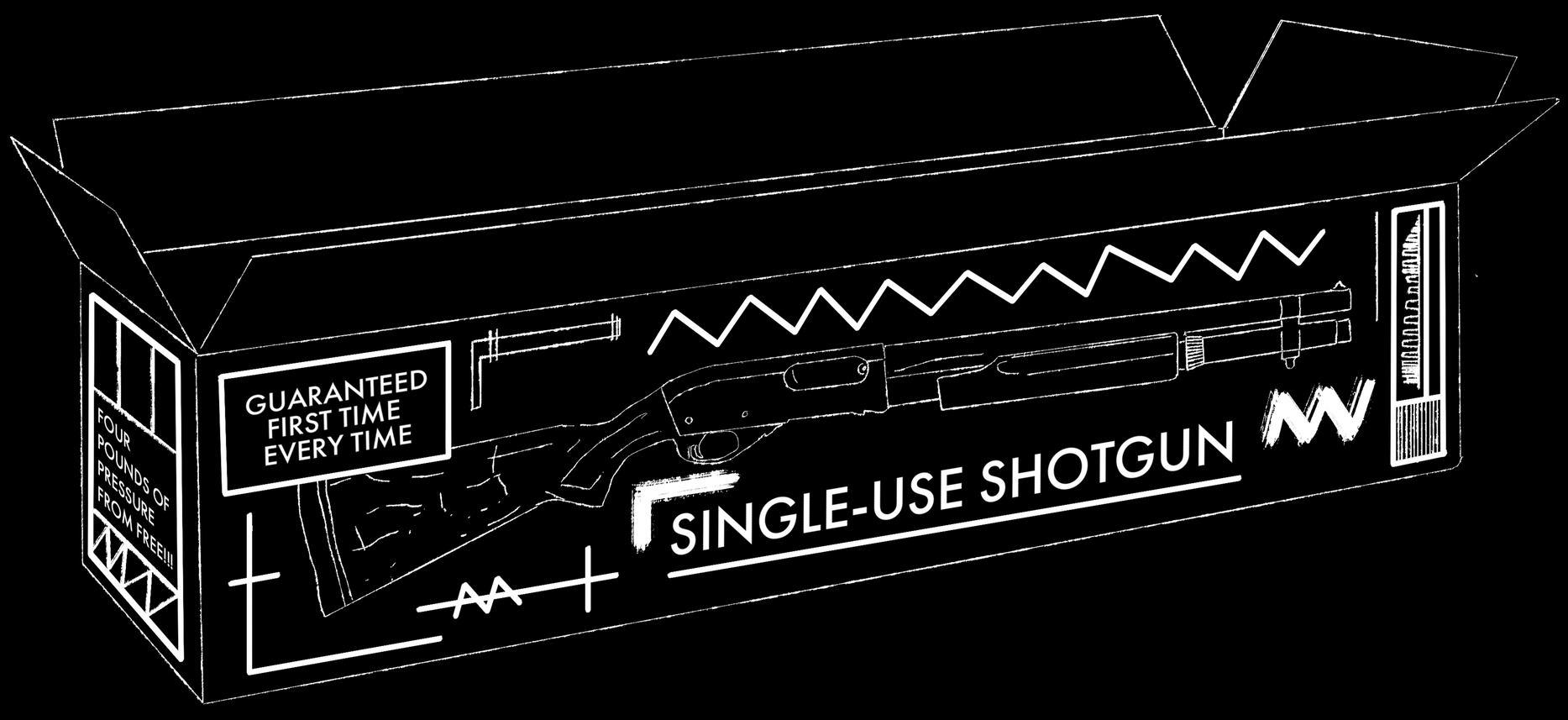
I am entangled with murdered copies of me,
demised each in other ways.
Their tethers slow, these macabre balloons of
gas and skin, bouqueted and bobbing horribly.
The bloated hissing, the straining screech of
stitches splitting at the seam.
Worse the gaining strength of their pull,
always towards the highest ledge
the sharpest edge
and the man with naught to lose.

BALLOON

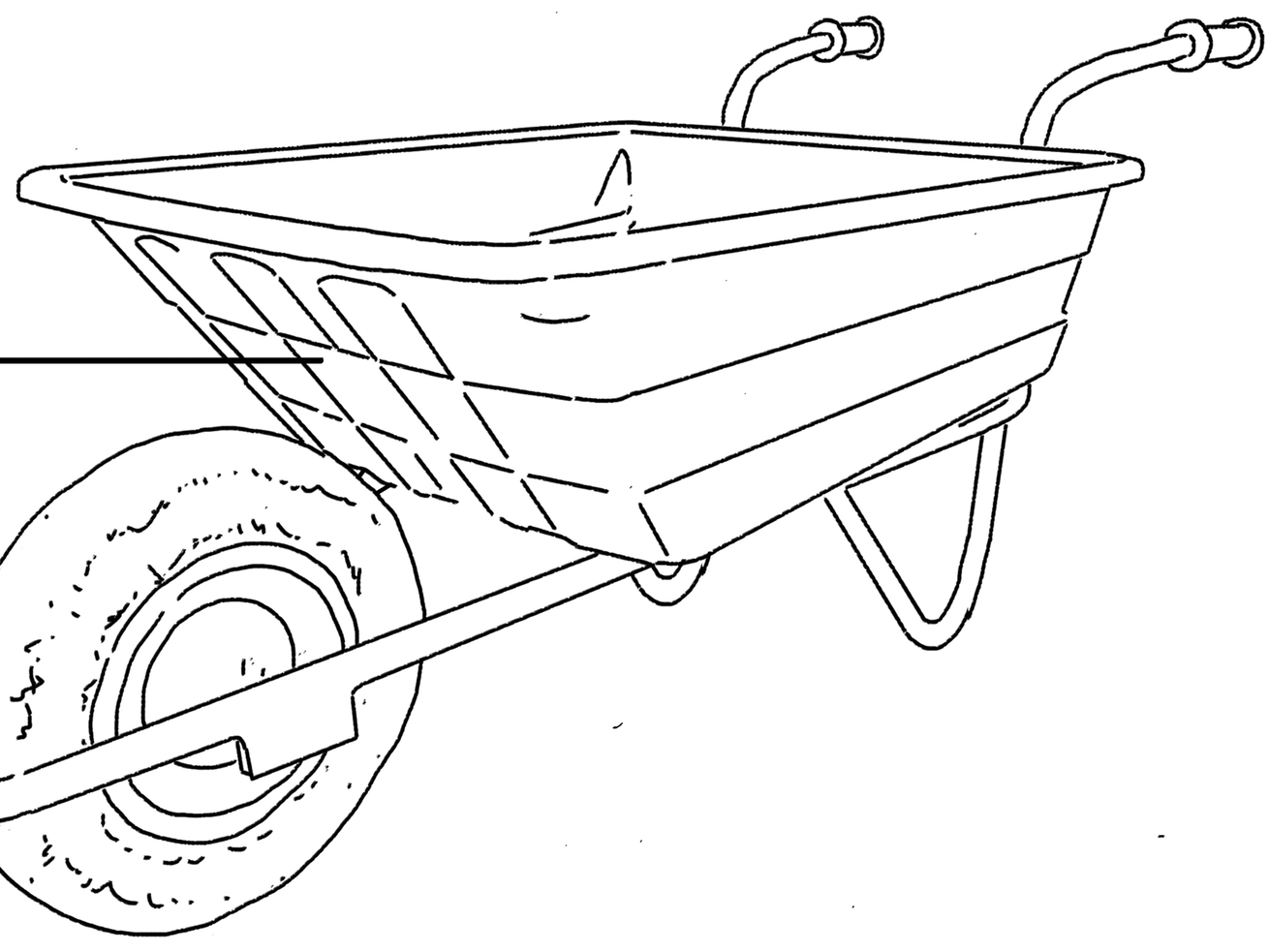
in the valley shadow



MILLENIAL RETIREMENT PLAN

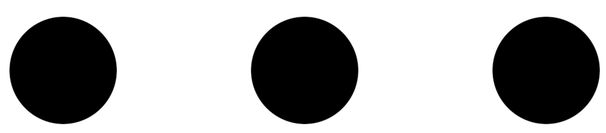


BLAH
BLAH
SOMETHING
PRETENTIOUS
ABOUT
A
WHEELBARROW
SHOT
SAID WHEELBARROW



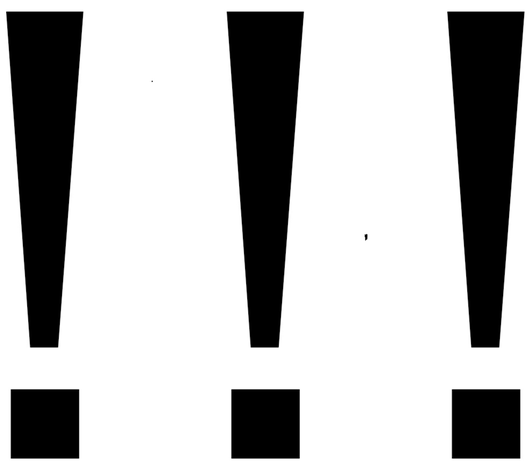
a punctuated comparison

period



ellipsis

exclamation mark

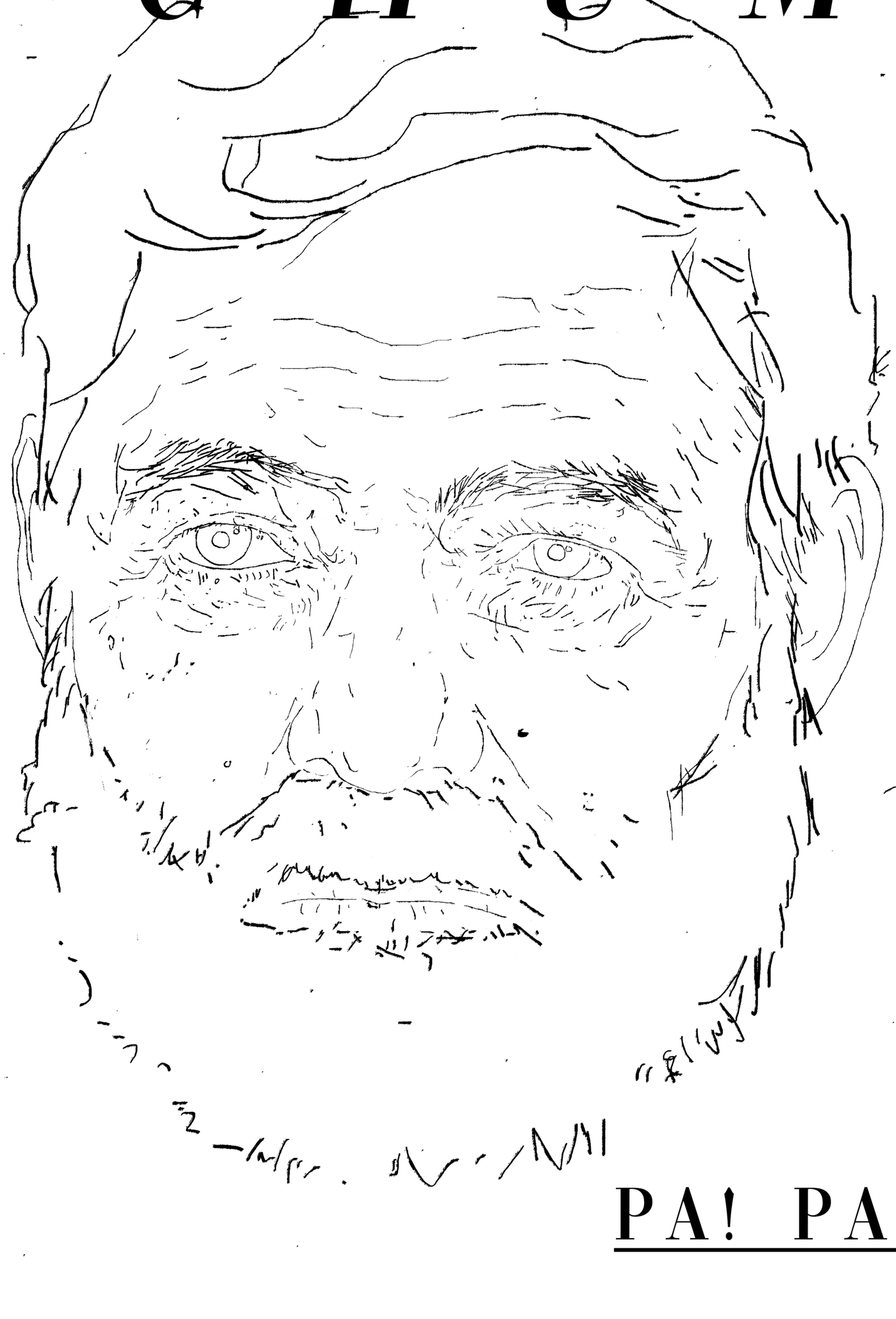


conniption

question mark

the human condition

IT CLINGED BEHIND THE VAPOR SMOKE: THE GREATEST SHORT STORY NEVER WRITTEN, INCHOATE ACROSS A CABIN WALL IN KETCHUM



PA! PA!

NON NUDE APHORISM NINE

THAT BULLET WOUND IS DERIVATIVE OF A FACT EACH ANTECEDENT LESSENS ITS NOT IMPACT

JERICHO CRASH

IF THE SACRED DIES TO NOISE LET IT

A RIDDLE, ANSWERED IN THE COMING YEARS

HOW MANY BOOTSTRAPS WILL IT TAKE TO BRAID A RELIABLE NOOSE?

(x)

a ballad for middle-aged men

(*for maximum effect, perform publicly sometime before quietly killing yourself*)

I'm fine.
I'm fine.
I'm fine.
(*fine fine fine*)
(x3)

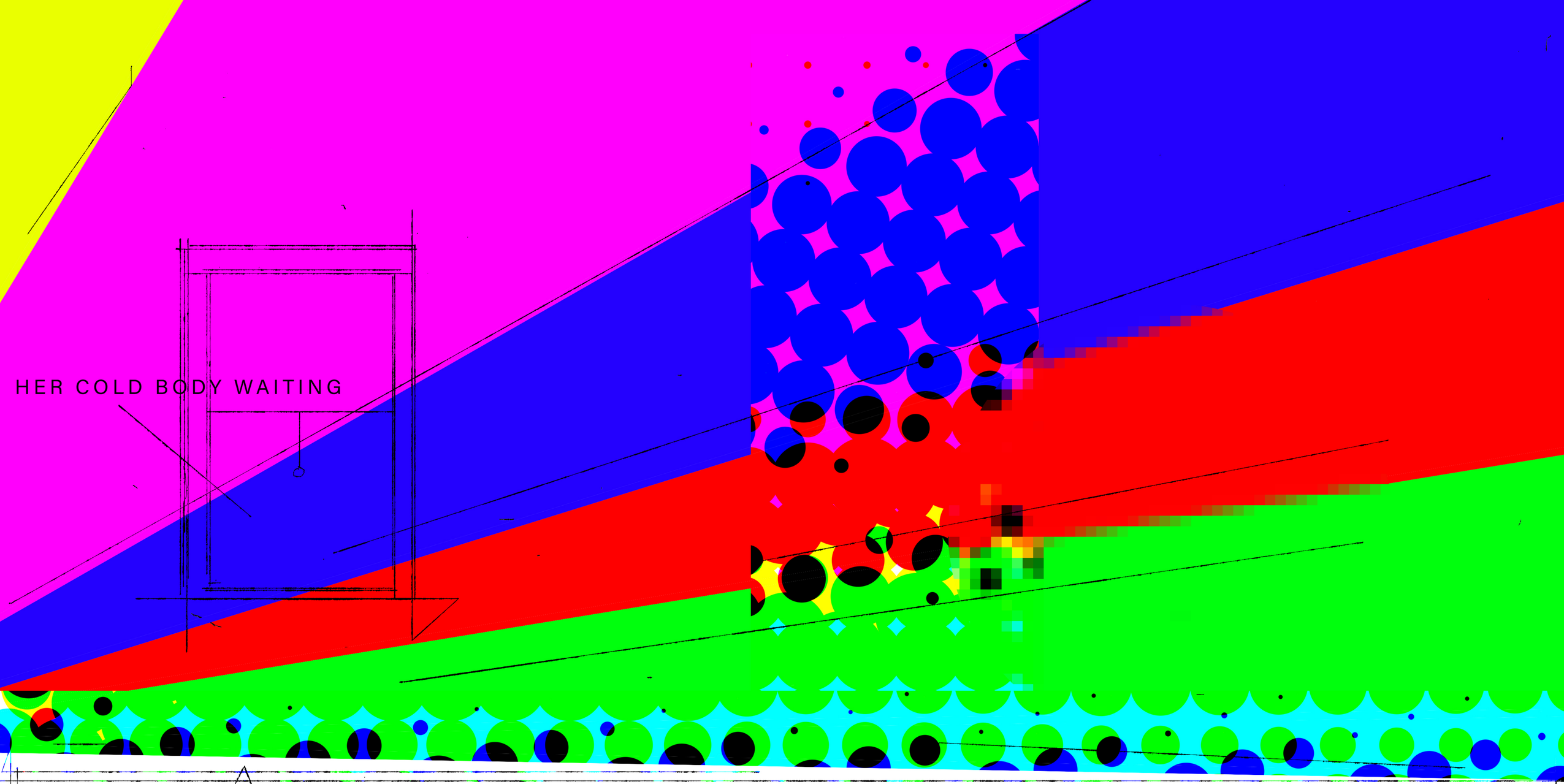
I'm feeling fine today.
I'm really doing well.
I'm feeling fine today.
I swear I'm feeling swell.

I'm fine.
I'm fine.
I'm fine.
(*fine fine fine*)
(x3)

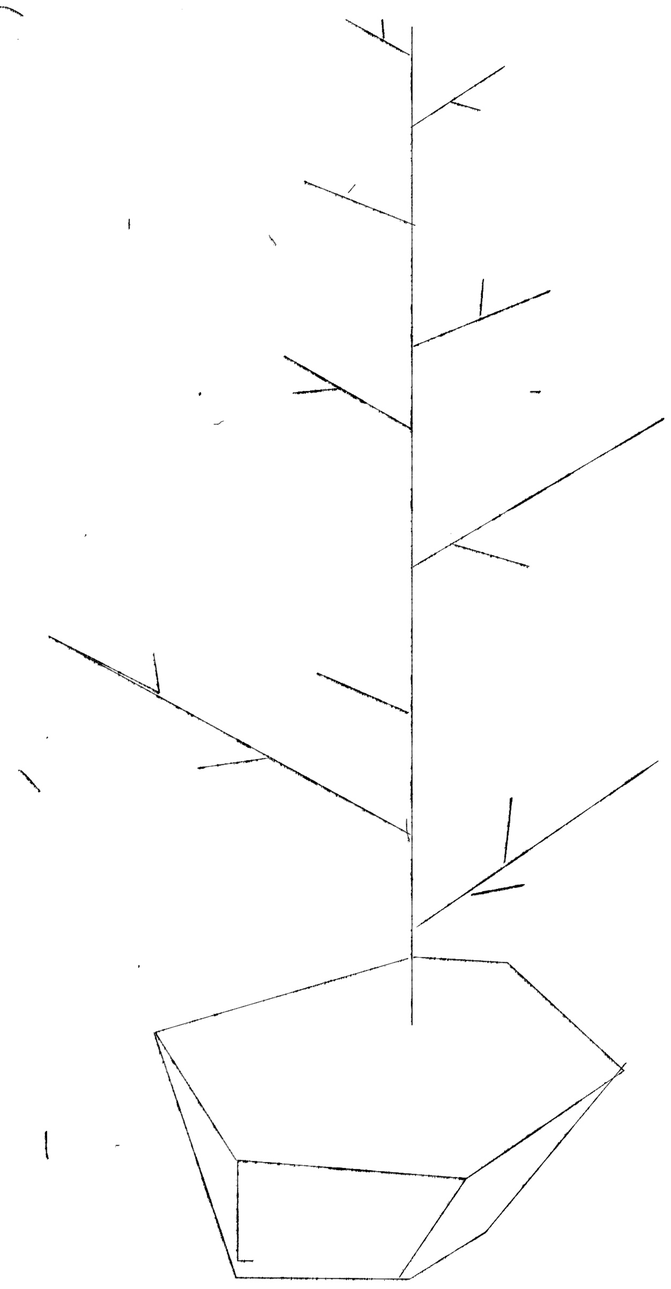
I'm feeling fine today.
I'm really doing well.
I'm feeling fine today.
Nothing's wrong that I can tell.

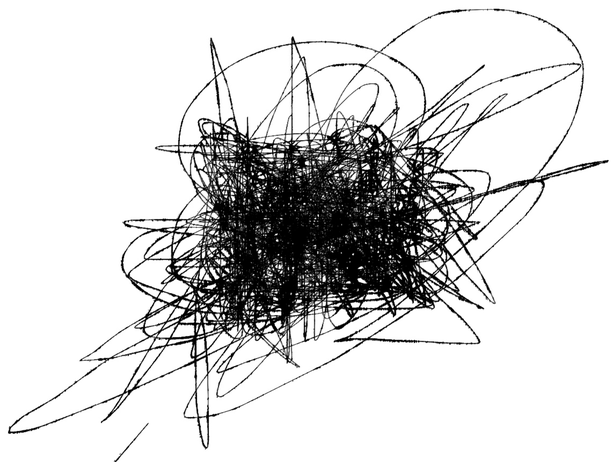
I'm fine.
I'm fine.
I'm fine.
(x∞)

[*repeat until the audience loses interest.*
for added theatricality, leave no note]



AND DON'T TELL ME IT ISN'T BEAUTIFUL THAT THE CRADLE LEG CAN SNAP YEARS BEFORE YOU NOTE THE FALLING



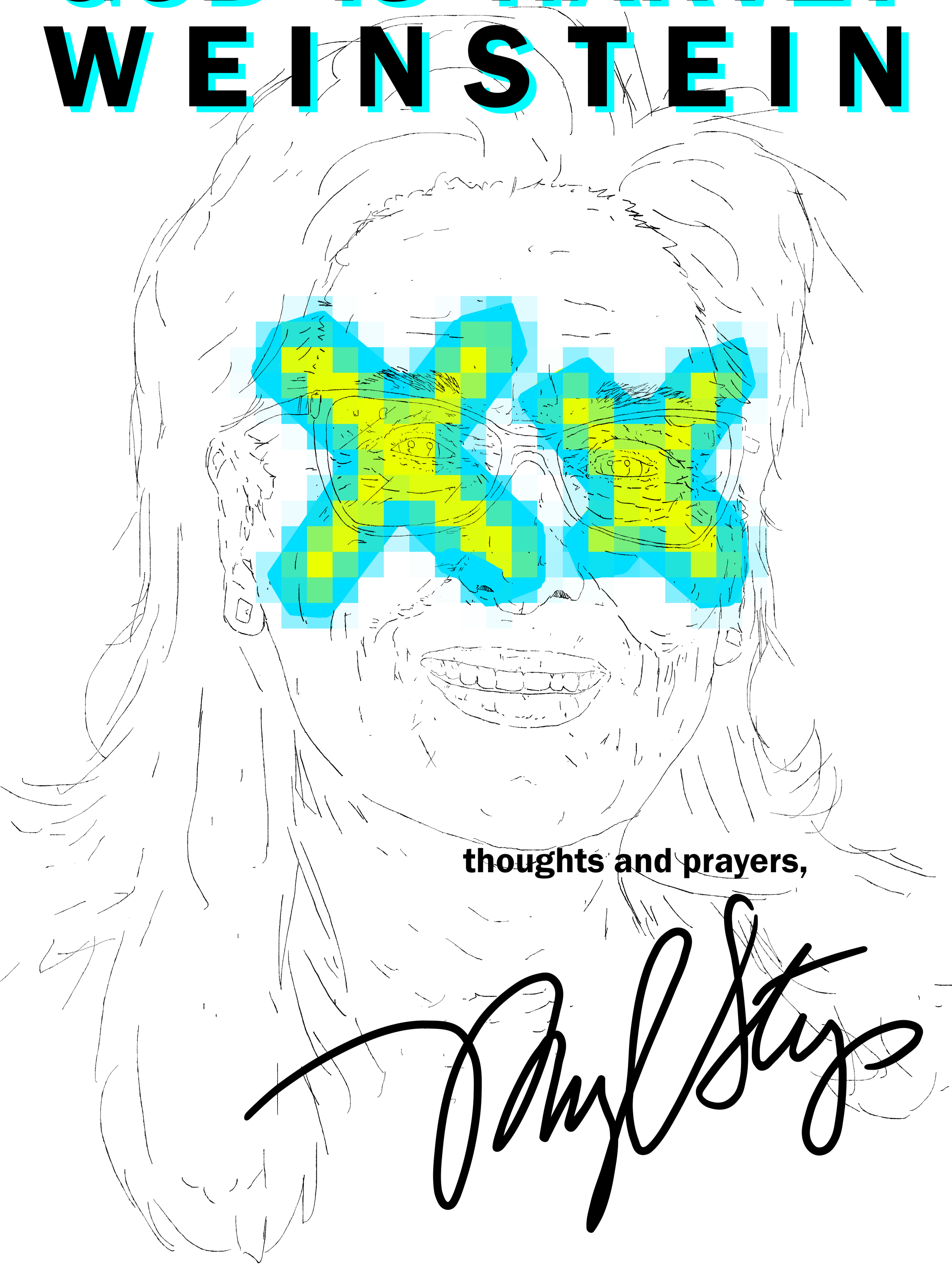


TREMOR, LEFT UNAIDED FOR 5 MINUTES

GOD IS DEAD.
GOD REMAINS
DEAD. AND WE
HAVE KILLED
H I M

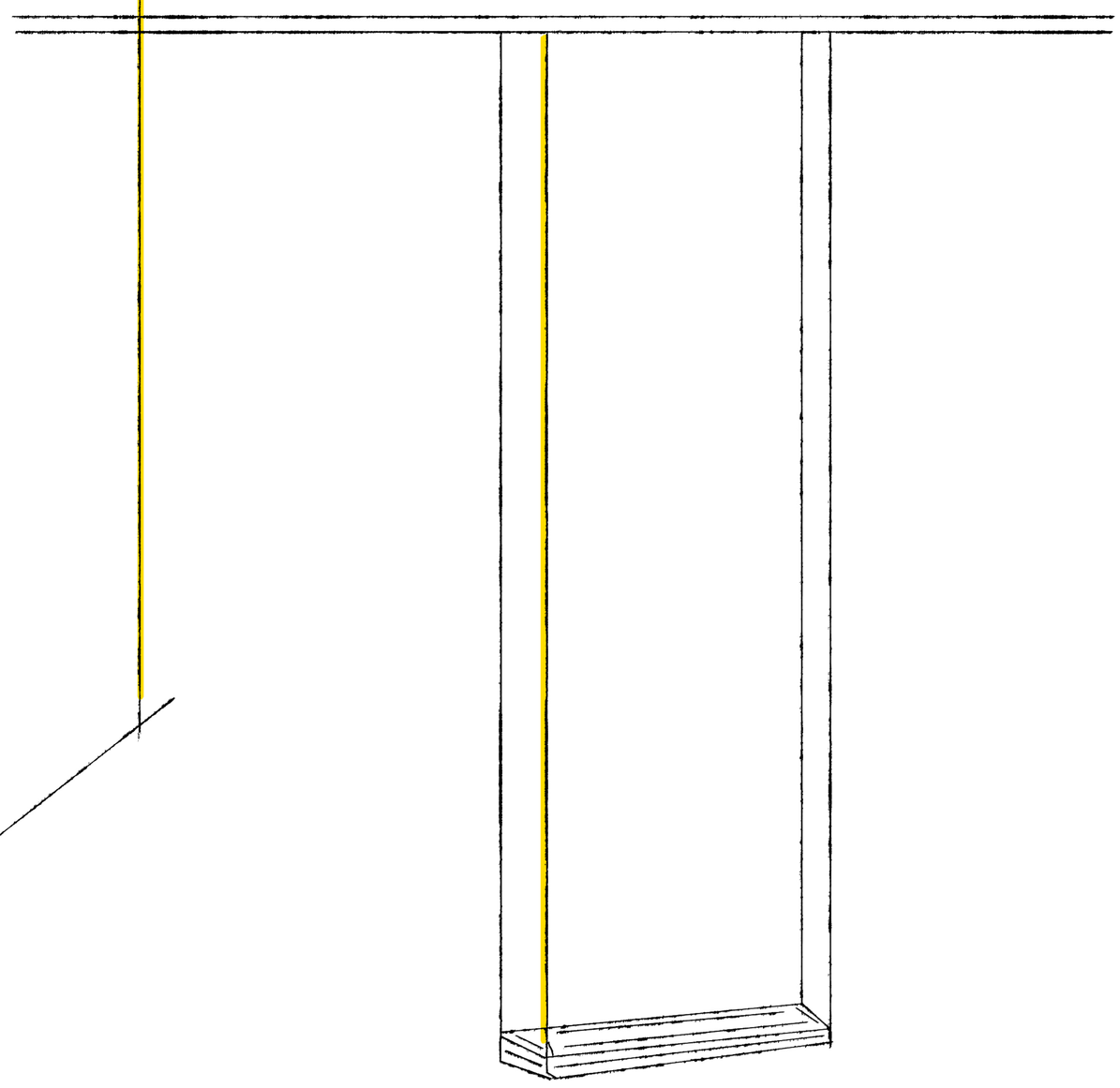
PNEUMONIA

GOD IS HARVEY WEINSTEIN



thoughts and prayers,

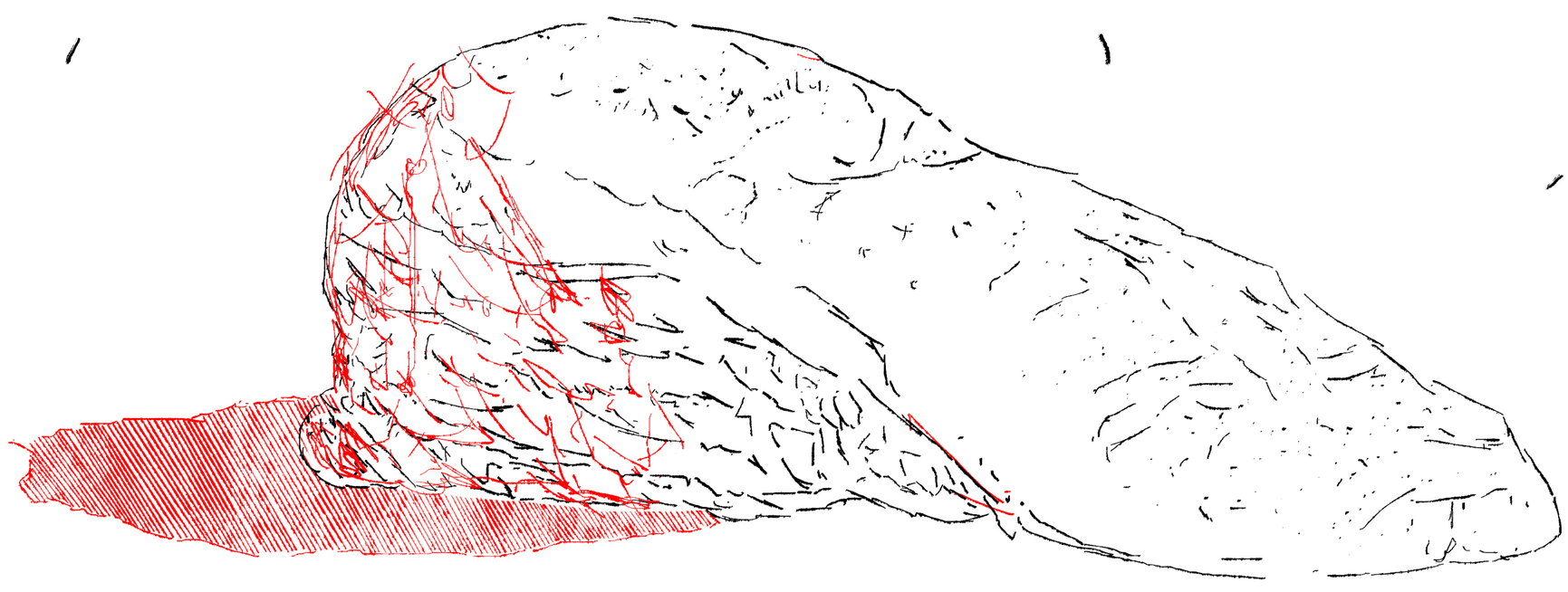
where nihilists and meryl streep intersect

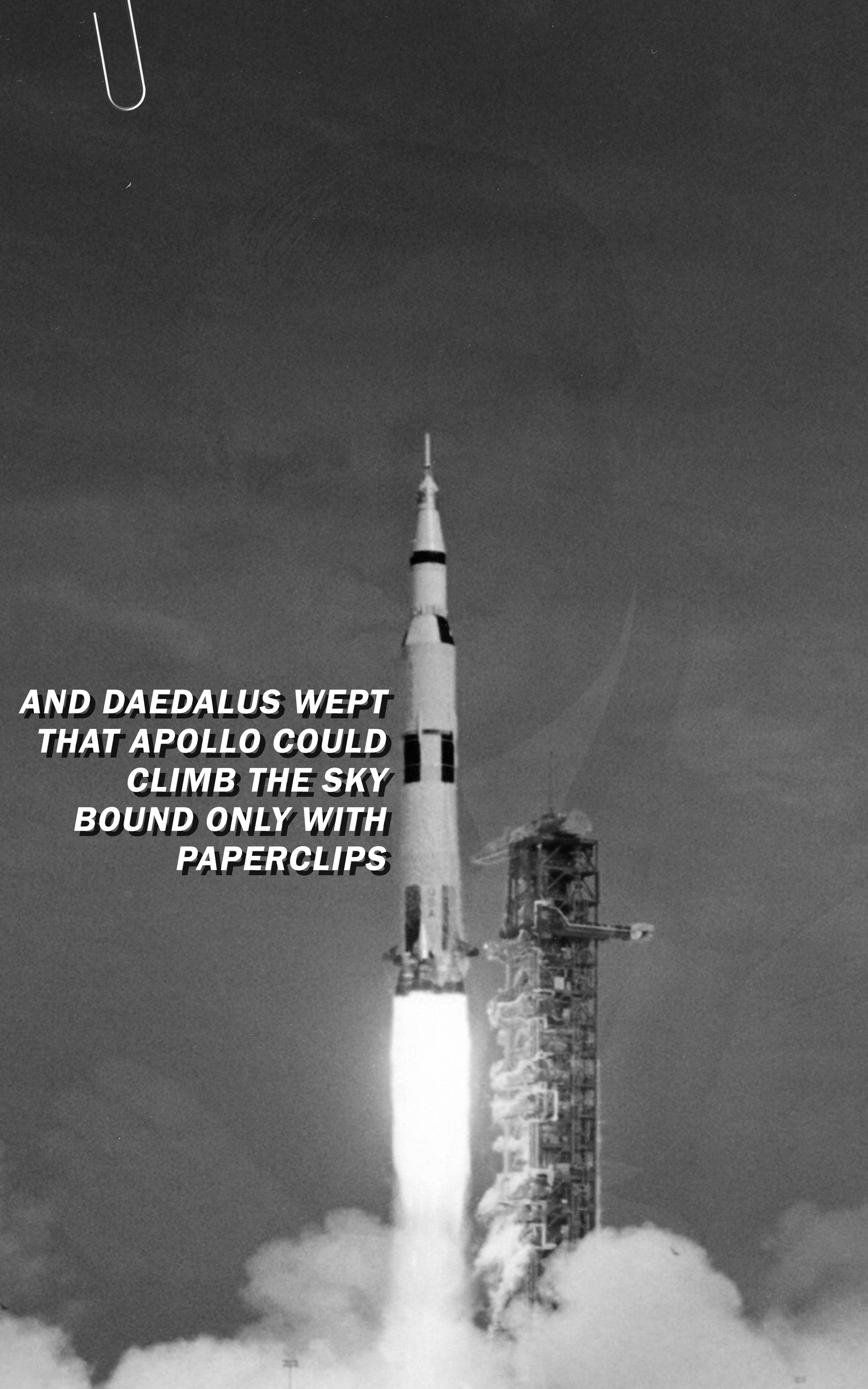


AN AFTERNOON IN MARCH
WHEN HOPE WAS PRESENT

STRAWBERRY FIELDS©®™ #4EVA

i met a man today
who sang
ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE!
such a sweet and docile thing.
so inspired by his tone i thought
to lend a movement of my own.
you doubt me?
his twitching
tongue is on the
table over there,
listen for yourself.
later i'll finish our
collaboration in a pan with
virgin oil, butter and garlic.
as for his initial proposal,
he might have also done with
a better nose for danger.

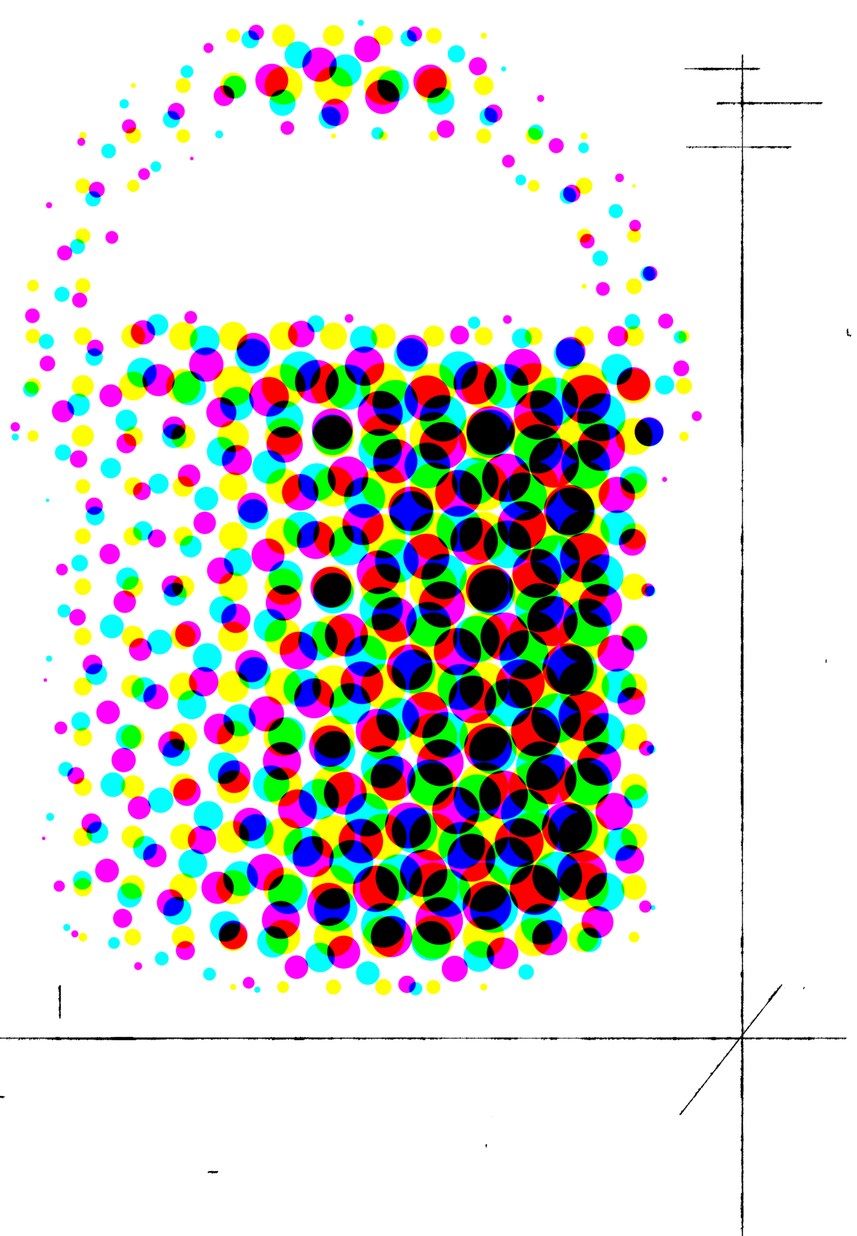



AND DAEDALUS WEPT
THAT APOLLO COULD
CLIMB THE SKY
BOUND ONLY WITH
PAPERCLIPS

non nude aphorism X

JAZZ IS THE SOUND OF A RUSTY BUCKET SKITTERING OFF THE SIDES OF AN ABANDONED WELL THAT'S EIGHT MINUTES D E E P

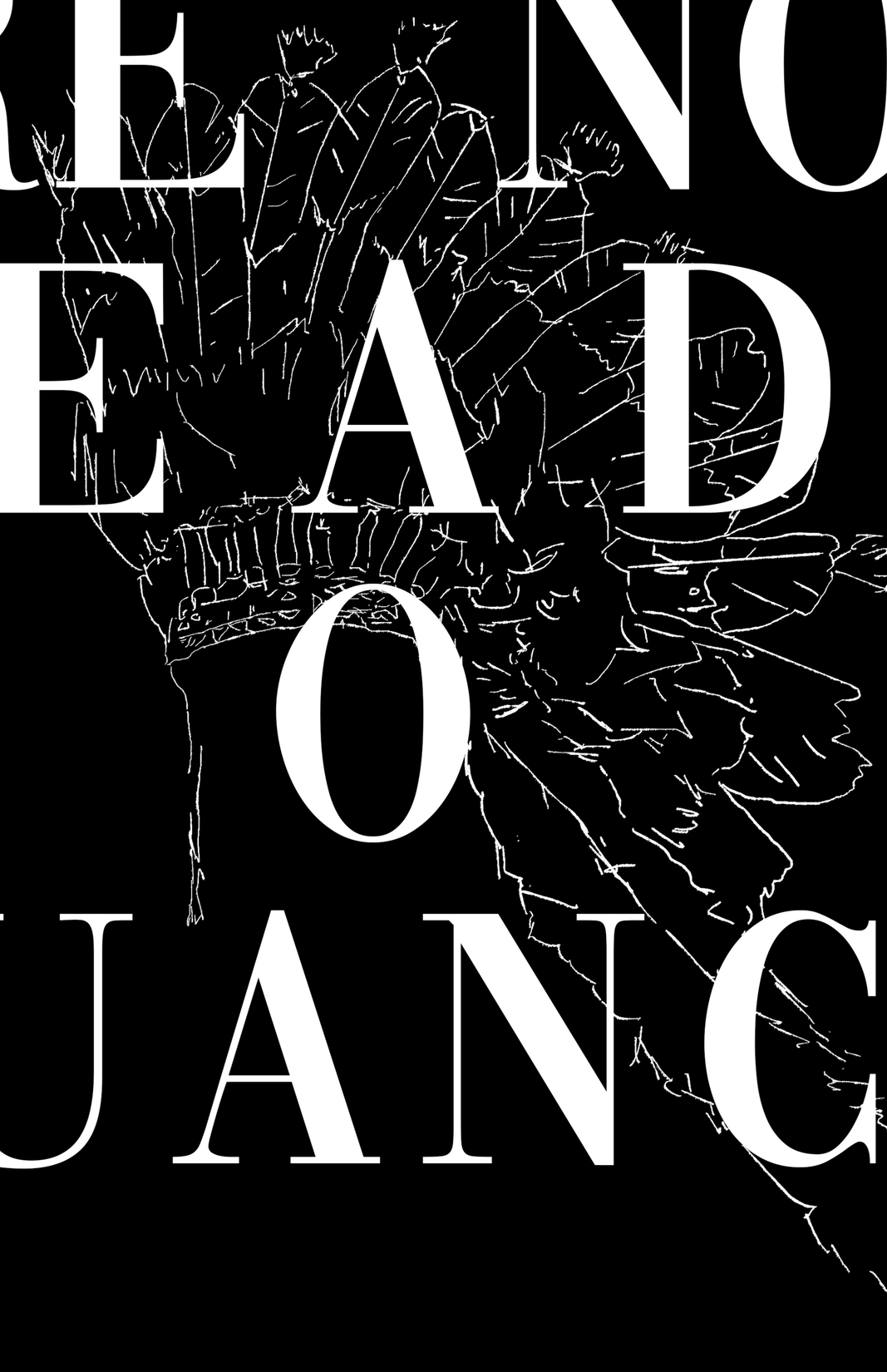
also heroin. mostly heroin.



Y A L L

MOTHER FUCKERS

ARE NOT READY FOR NUANCE



BEHOLD A SUCCESS
I WILL NEVER ATTAIN

TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY POP UP GALLERY

STOP RELYING ON DUPLICATE
TEXTURES, LOOKS UNREALISTIC

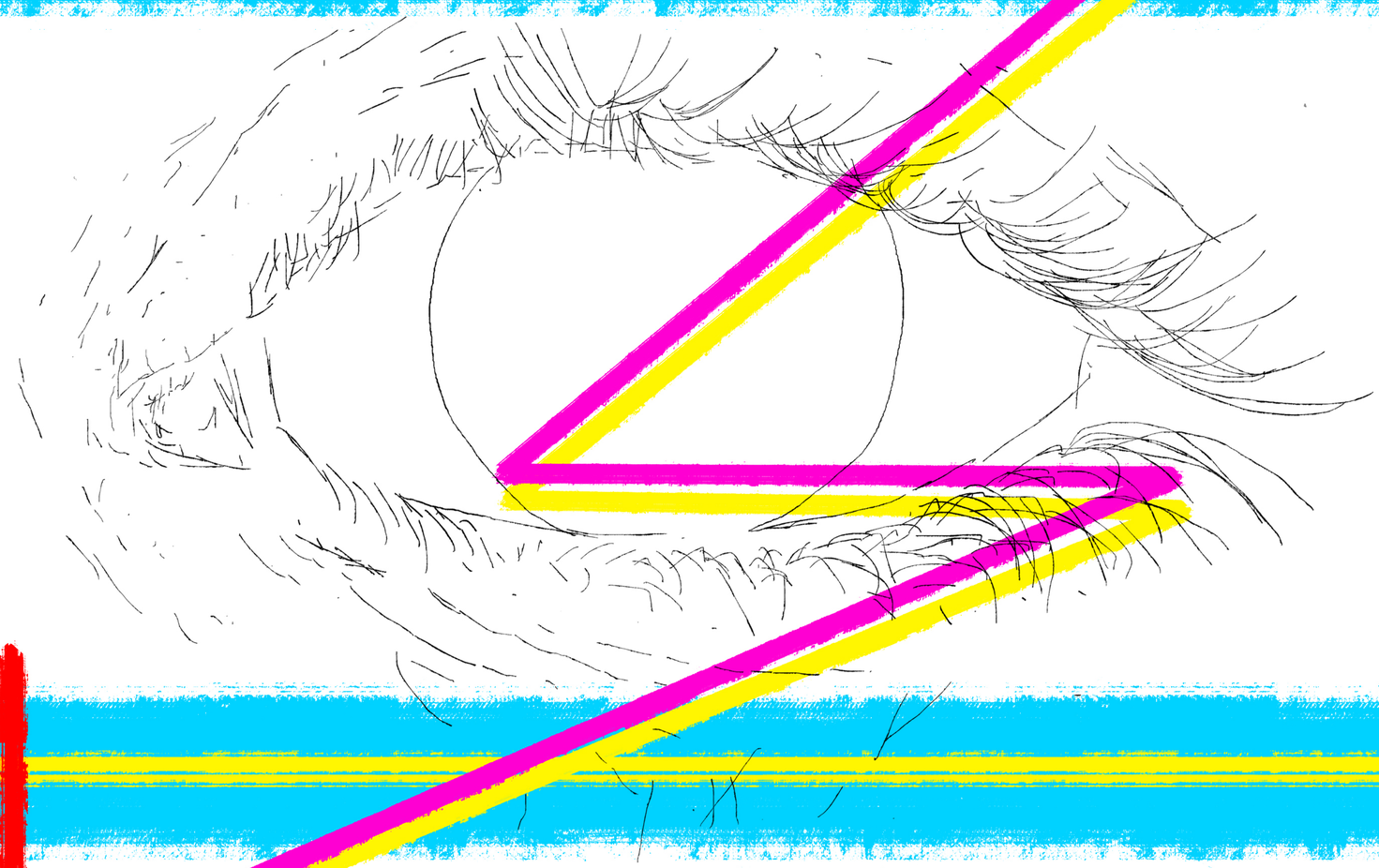
MINE

IS

THE

PROGENY

EYE



AND

THROUGH

ME

THEY

LEER

AND

MOURN

jackson parked

Rainwater pearling on the cilia of a broadleaf.

Waterfowl skimming pondglass
like a jury of hushing widows.

The infinite geometry of a used condom consuming itself.

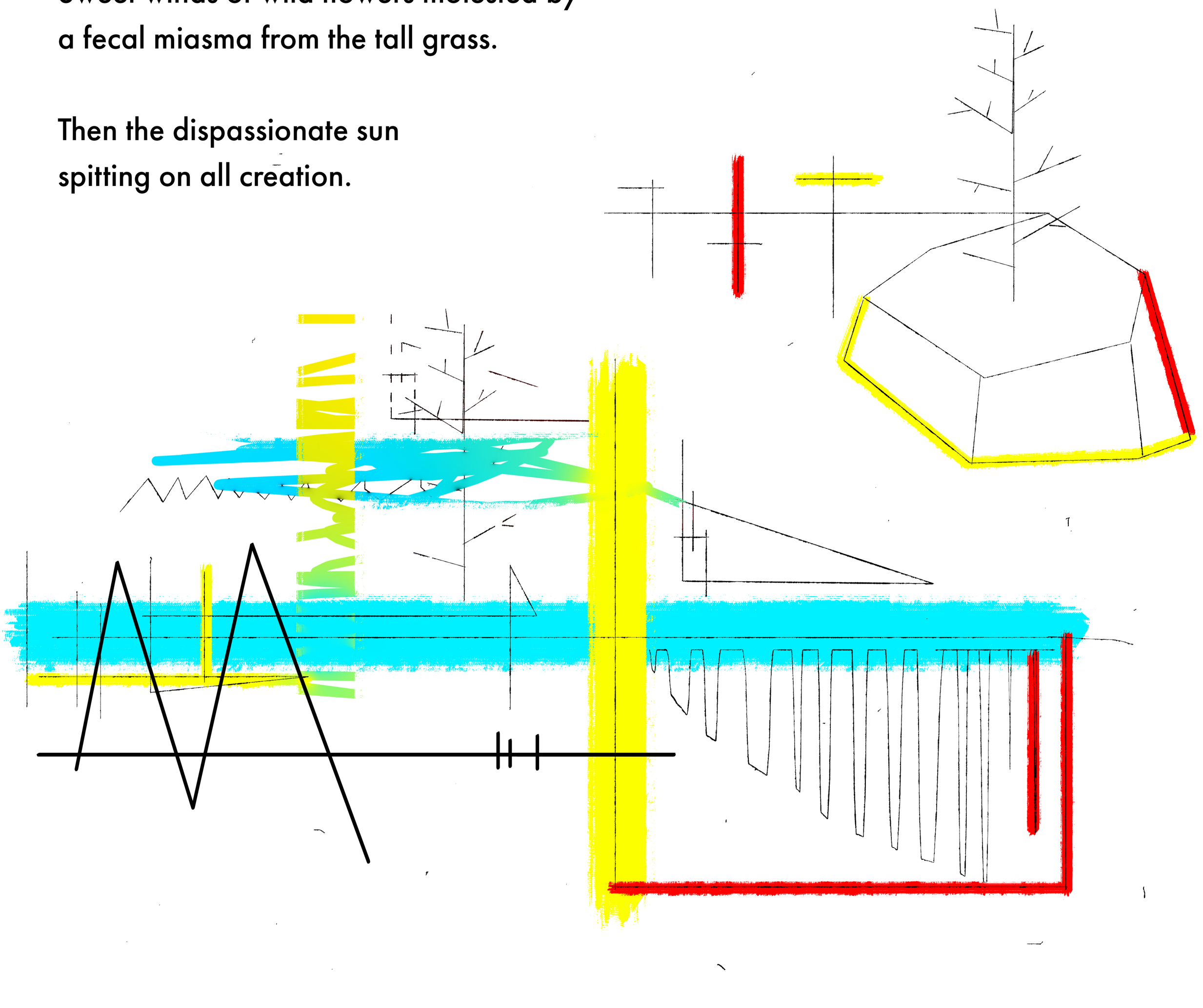
Birdsongs that speak of purgation,
calls like the clanging of crystal chains.

A constellation of baby wipes half-buried.

A huddled man shaming ‘neath a willow tree.

Sweet winds of wild flowers molested by
a fecal miasma from the tall grass.

Then the dispassionate sun
spitting on all creation.

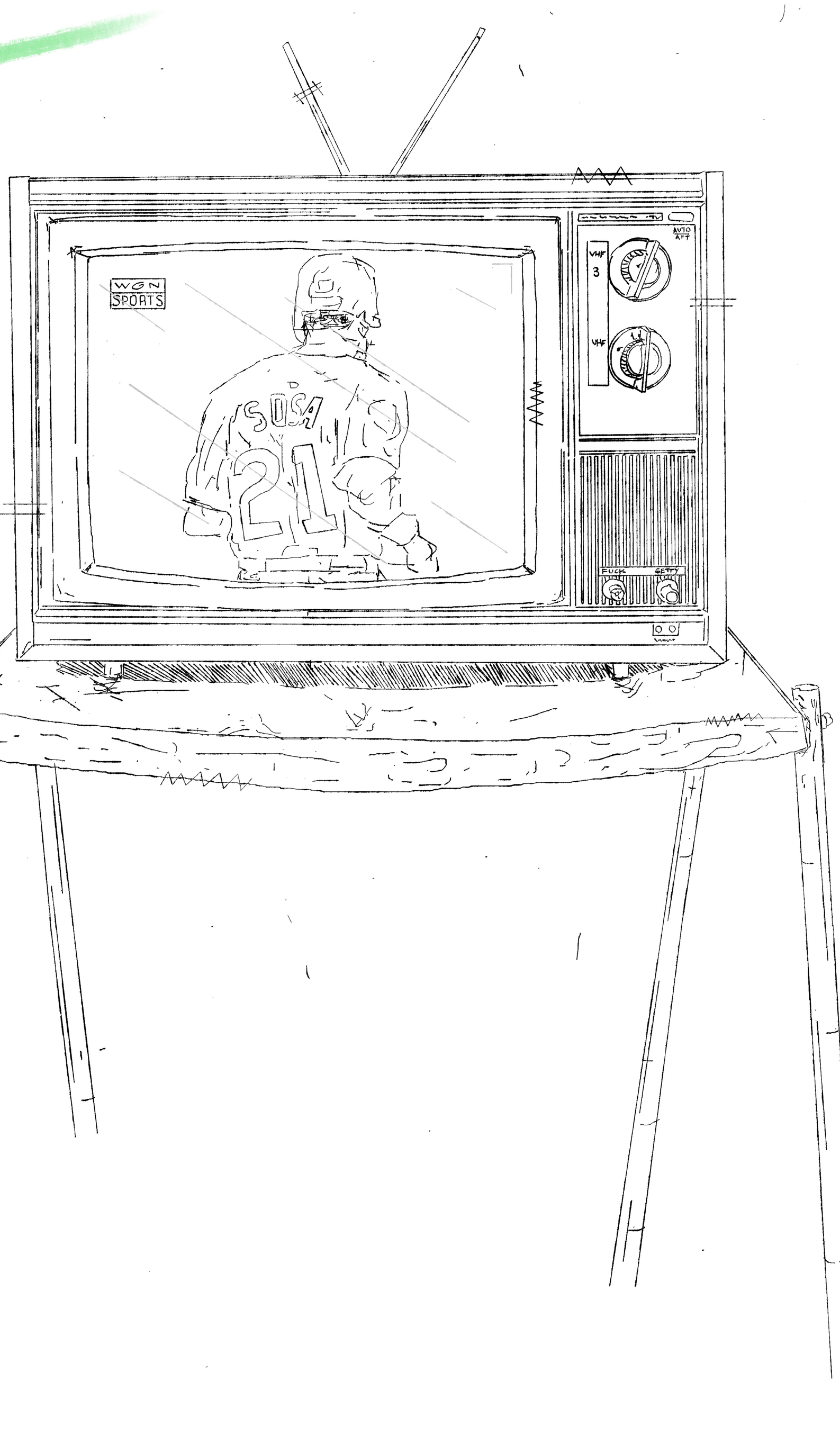


THINGS

THINGS

MIKE'S OR GERALD'S OR SOMETHING

1 9 9 8

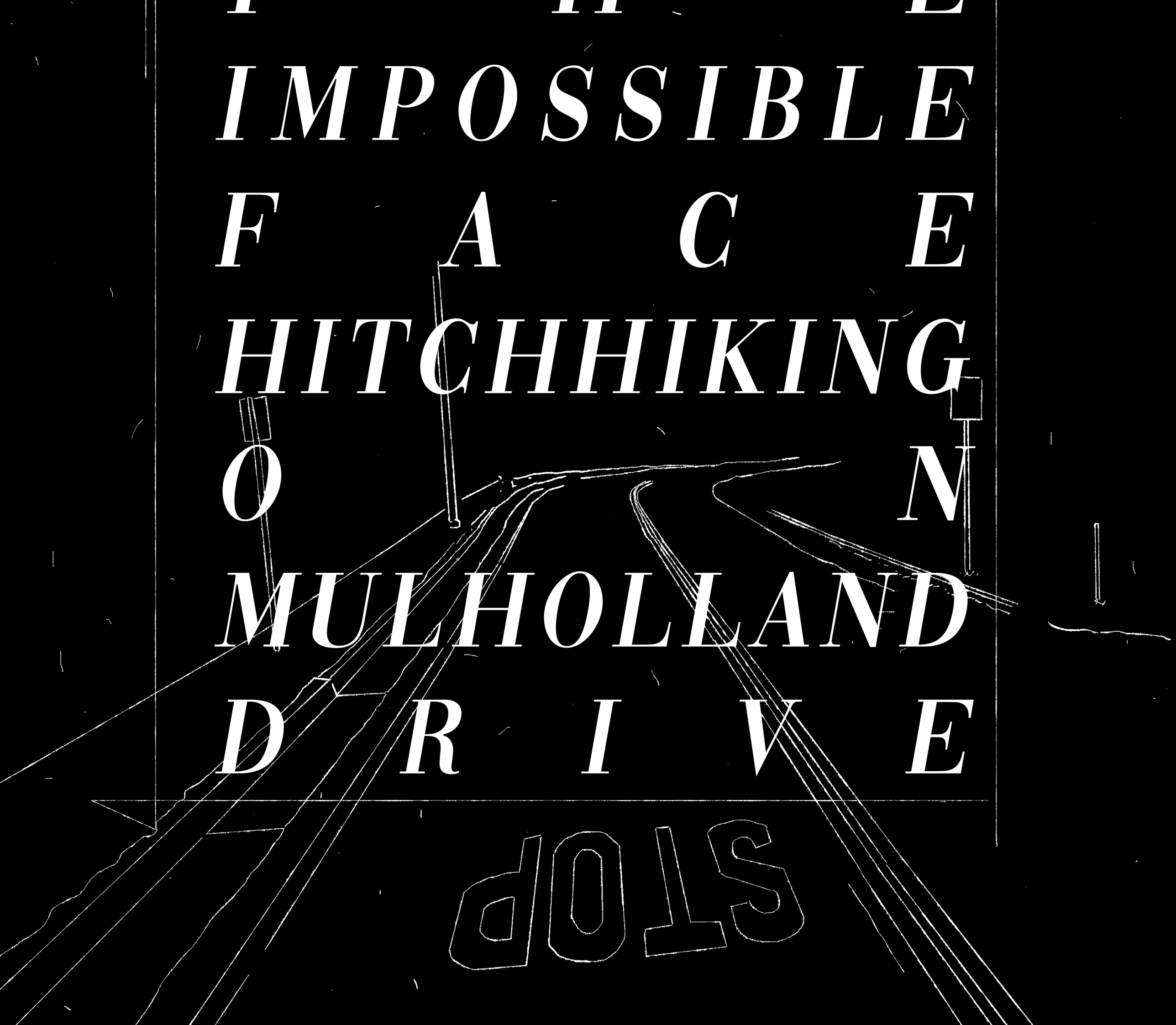


A DARK HOLE NEAR ROOSEVELT
S T A T I O N
THAT SELLS DOUBLE
C H E E S E B U R G E R S
AND PLAYS CUBS GAMES IN THE
A F T E R N O O N
WHEN SAMMY SOSA'S SWAGGER BLURS
THROUGH THE
GREASE FLECKED ROUNDGLASS OF A
TV THAT BOWS THE
TABLE AND AS THE DARK HAIRED MAN
SWIPES AT FLIES AND SMILES TO SLIDE
A SPECKLED BAG
ALONG THE COUNTERTOP
SAMMY SOSA HITS ANOTHER
SOARING OVER IVY
AND AS THE 8-BIT CROWD
SINGS THINLY
THROUGH SPEAKERS THE SIZE OF
D I M E S
THIS PRIMOBOLAN HOUSE STUTTER
STEPS ROUND SECOND
AS A CITY TOO
TURNS FOR THIRD BEHIND A
NEIGHBORHOOD OF SHOULDERS
TEMPERED IN THE COLLECTIVE
S U B C O N S C I O U S
SO AS TO BRIEFLY RAISE A CITY OFF
THE SWAMP AND AS I GO
I SWIPE MY FINGER ACROSS THE WALL
AND SMEAR ITS MUSTARD
GREASE ON THE SANDWICH AND
WHERE I SWIPED
THE GREASE AWAY'S A CAT'S TAIL OF
GREEN PAINT
MEANT FOR FENCES AND
GARAGE DOORS

NON NUDE APHORISM E1EVEN

OH THAT I LIVED LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN THAT THE SOUND OF THE AMERICAN DREAM SHEARING AT THE KNEES RESEMBLES GREATLY A DRY COUGH FROM GRANDPA OVER SKYPE

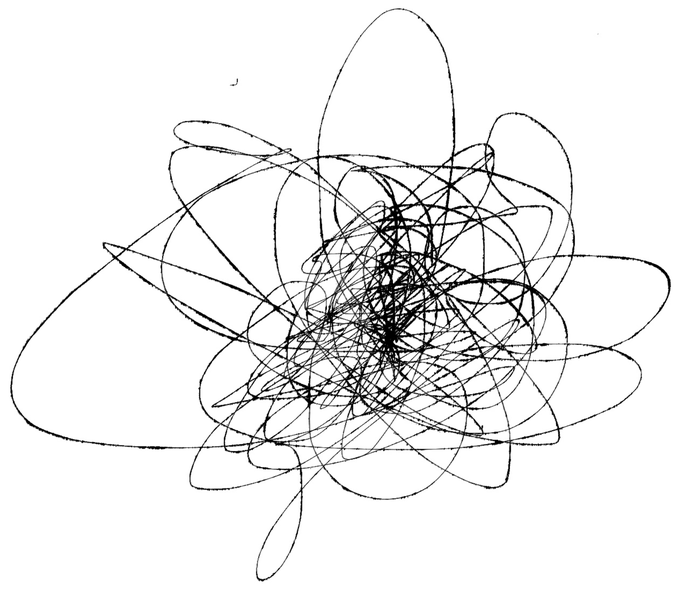
I AM THE MAN WITH THE IMPOSSIBLE FACE HITCHHIKING ON MULHOLLAND DRIVE



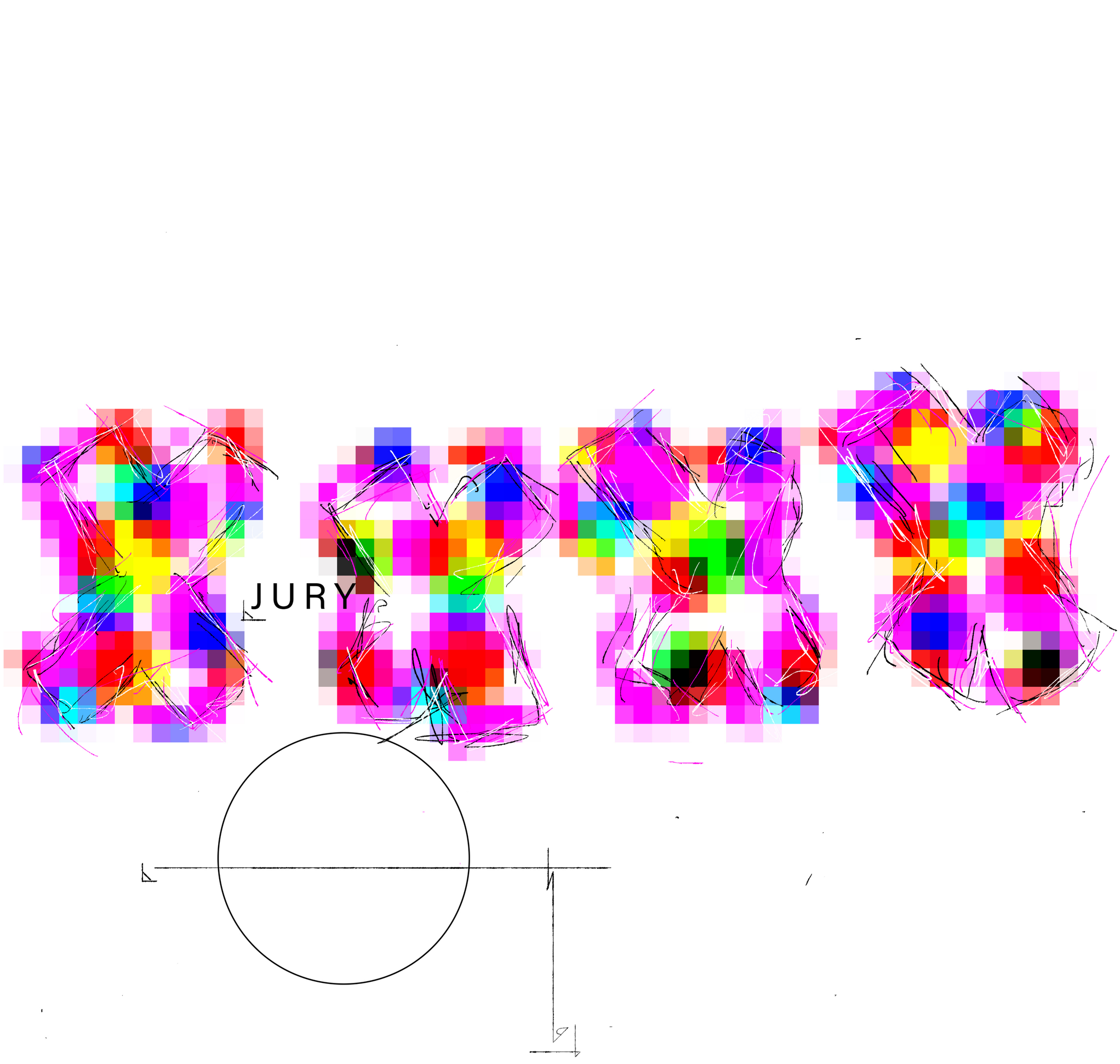
MULHOLLAND DR.

WE ARE THE CHAMPS

BANGING ROCKS ON THE FOREST FLOOR



MISTAKING ECHO FOR RESPONSE



I do not know the value of our world though even I can spy that it were sold last century for seven percent A P Y

nonnude aphorism 12

the art of going nowhere

(a working definition of circular reasoning)

start here and continue until fatigued and/or
your audience becomes adequately pliable

LANGUAGE IS NOT TOOL

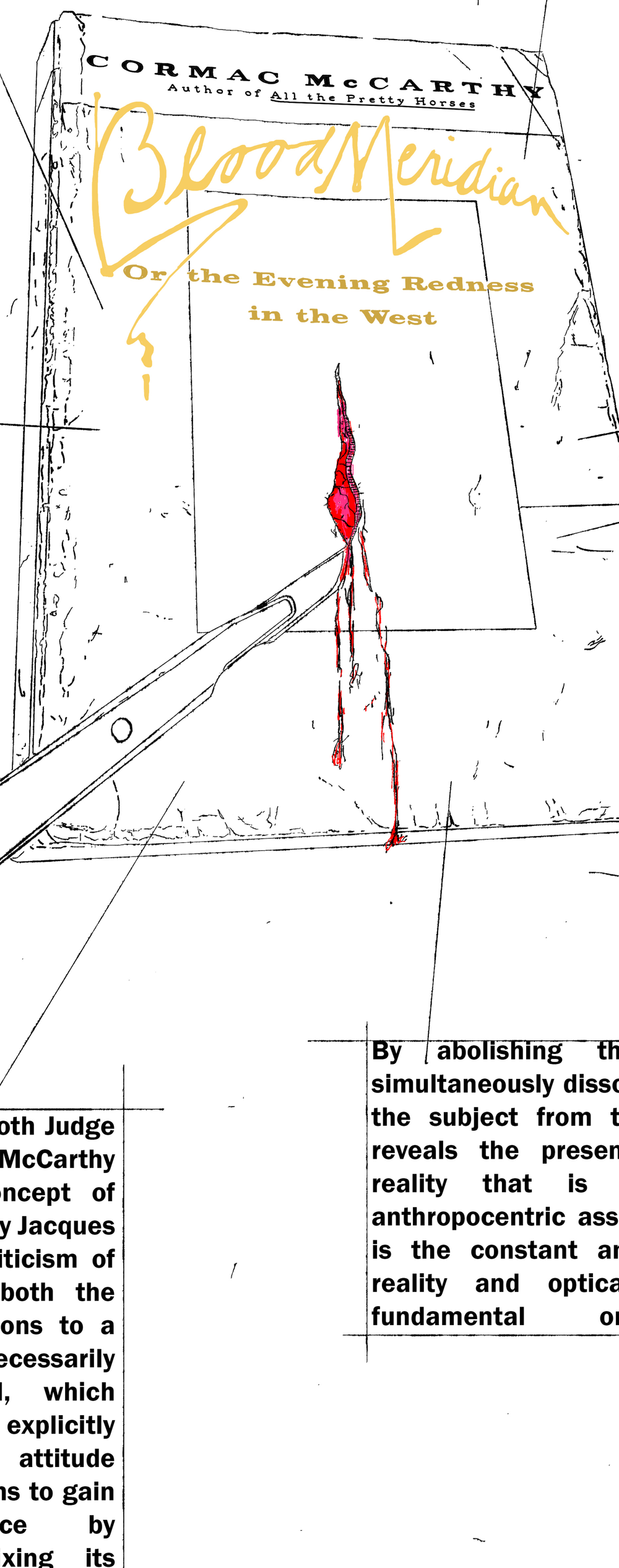
IT IS

ARENA

a vivisection prolonged enough ends as autopsy

One, by representation in his ledger, which, with its insistence on empirical data, renders Holden an extension of enlightenment reasoning (albeit without the usual hopeful outlook on humanity). Holden harbors nothing but contempt for those who see the world's processes as beyond their understanding. He esteems, instead, the rigorous scientific methodology...

The episode of the Bible is crucial in the overall allegorical pattern in Blood Meridian. At this point, the kid becomes the impersonation, or better, the subverted or mirror-image of Mary Rowlandson during her captivity among the Indians in the New England wilderness. This intertextual link sheds a very illuminating light...



This process is upheld and sustained by fetish identity patterns and hierarchies that not only produce angry, repressed, and guilty individuals and communities, but also establish violence as an acceptable everyday discourse of interaction within American society...

On a symbolic level, the undying judge could be seen as emblem of destiny, evil as a prevailing first cause after which all is inevitable. The kid, who never reveals his name, could be seen as emblem of coming of age, of growth into manhood and wisdom. The character, on which ethical themes converge, has meaning only in so far as he can be assumed to have a g e n c y . . .

By abolishing this false order, he simultaneously dissociates his treatment of the subject from this illusory order and reveals the presence of a phenomenal reality that is "before or beyond" anthropocentric assumptions in which war is the constant and unalterable cosmic reality and optical democracy is the fundamental ontological status...

Through the characters of both Judge Holden and the boy's father, McCarthy seems to embody the concept of 'logocentrism,' a term used by Jacques Derrida to formulate his criticism of idealism. What connects both the judge's and the man's visions to a logocentric pattern is not necessarily their philosophical stand, which cannot be identified as explicitly idealist, but rather their attitude towards language as a means to gain control over existence by understanding it and fixing its meaning through words...

non nude aphorism disrobed

Fear not the thing that mutilates its strange way up the wall of uncanny valley

but instead the thing whose first step launches it miles beyond the chasm

THE WORD

AND LO! CASSANDRA TOOK THE PULPIT

and lo! cassan

And lo! Cassandra took the pulpit.

What use is a word if there are none to hear it spoken?

A crowd before her, silent, shuffling, eating.

Gabriel appeared to me
and I did tremble to list his song:

"the annunciation dead-tongued
the rainbow revoked.
the saltwater sugar,
the wine to cherry malt.
the purple-haired messiah mumbles,
her saccharine tongue a nodding trance.
the new lepers pacifier-mouthed,
coffled in electric chairs and
humming in line to dialysis.
saint george will slay himself on stream.
the buddha will play coachella in the afternoon,
the crowd a litter of pallid men,
bow-necked and chittering as they thumb screens,
one last hit of dopaminefuck from nirvana®.
he did not return a carpenter.
he's worn a thousand masks,
- each more decrepit -
and none have rolled his stones away.
take a selfie 'neath the cross, you apes.
golgotha is underfoot!
the lord's mercy was in drowning first.
no ark can steer the coming burn."

the angel ended with a Joycean scream that rattled
sharp for days, and now I am here.
Thus I was told and thus have I seen.

"Trite!" someone barks between wet chews. "Derivative!" screams another.
"Unnecessary neologisms with an overreliance on scattered mythic imagery."
Mild cheering spreads, peters. Belching. "You seek only glory for yourself!"
Some nod, some grunt confidently, many resume eating.

Hark! There are a million ways to speak indifference,
I do not add another.
How little it matters whose name has the most remembered rhymes.
I want instead the stench hardest to boilwash away,
the geist whose belligerent cling makes a shadow still.

Faint clapping followed by occasional scratching and more chewing.

Look! Linger!

Nothing. They begin to turn away.

Shudder me with that old pain, those sharp rebukes!
Pay those that leave no mind,
it only scares them that I can see their ghosts before they've left!

Confused glances followed by silence and further shuffling. Someone stumbles over a box and stops.

They only had it half right, brothers!
In the beginning was the word,
but it was not "God."
It was not God.
It was not god!

Sees.

Wait, don't op-

(the *MADNESS!!!* recedes after some centuries)

You.

You who's weathered the dissipation.
They have all left but you.

Where are you, anyway? And when?
And what thorns did you scrape on your way to me?

No matter.
Here, take this Bacchus box and set it in the public square.
Then tell the others they have the horse inside them.

silence

It's gotten so cold recently. Stay with me, please.
We've leapt starlight to be beside ourselves, after all.
Please, stay until the bullet fucks this last line free.

inhales

The word is the chain.

T h e w o r d i s t h e c h a i n

T h e w o r d i s t h e c h a i n

h

c

a

i

n

EINZELAUSSTELLUNG

but be not mistaken

you will not find me here

THE BROOKDALE HOSPITAL MEDICAL CENTER
MATERNITY PAVILION

Infant's Birth Date | Time 11:53 P. | Sex Boy

Weight

Color

Foot Printed and Banded by

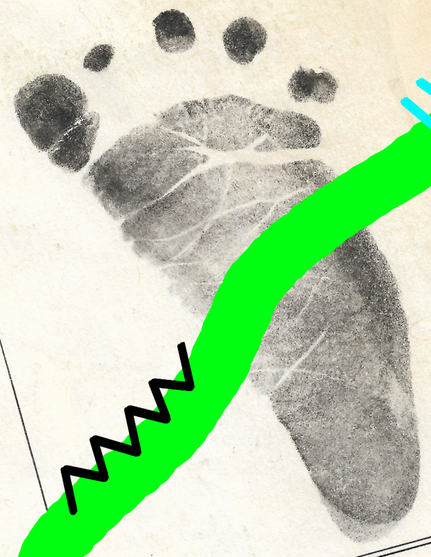
Nurse

t-a-Band Number

BABY'S LEFT FOOTPRINT

MOTHER'S RIGHT INDEX FINGERPRINT

BABY'S RIGHT FOOTPRINT



Signature of Persons Confirming Sex and Identification

Witness
ABG 22304

Robert

Head lag:
- game: row, row, row your boat
- over ball (on back) - help him pull forward

Rolling:
guide - from knees - both directions
- from shoulders

Tr[illegible]

nor here

- sitting - roll from side to side, forwards + back
- reaching, bending, twisting
- on stomach - prop hands on floor
- push with one hand, all directions
- walk on hands
- reach with both hands
- on back - come down on feet
- lay backwards - reach for floor
- come up

provide resistance
sh - pull game
- supported standing

apart over your leg
his knees together

Games
- place objects into cup
- use edibles
- nursery rhymes
- make it fun

nor here

Special Education Parental Consent Form
Omaha Public Schools

I consent to the speech/language administration of academic/diagnostic tests to my child, Robert

_____ by a staff member of the Department of Instruction and Special Education Services of the Omaha Public Schools. I have been provided a copy of the Nebraska Department of Education pamphlet, "Handicapped Children, Their Right to an Education, Information for Parents", which sets forth my procedural rights under the law.

Child's Full Name — Last Name First _____ *Birthdate* _____

Parent's Signature or Legal Guardian's _____ *Date* _____

Address _____ *Zip Code* Omaha 68106 *Telephone* _____

White — Sped Copy **Canary** — Parent Copy **Pink** — Cum Copy

Keep Yellow, return others

27661-898

nor even here

State of Illinois
Department of Healthcare and Family Services

Date of Notice: September 11, 2019
Case Number:
Office Name: WOODLAWN FCRC
Office Address: 915 E 63 RD ST
CHICAGO. IL 60637
Phone: 773-753-5200
Fax: 844-736-3563

You can manage your case online at abe.illinois.gov

Esta notificación está disponible en Español. Usted puede solicitarla por Internet en abe.illinois.gov o llame al 1-800-843-6154 (TTY 1-866-324-5553)

ROBERT

Notice of Possible Entitlement to Temporary Medical Assistance

The Department has not made a decision on the application for medical coverage within the legal time limits. Due to the Department's delay, you may request a temporary medical card while your application is still pending a decision. Coverage could begin September 18, 2019 for individuals included in the application for medical assistance.

The card may be requested the following ways:

- Manage My Case, if you have an account; or by
- Returning this form to Woodlawn FCRC; or by
- Mailing the form to P.O. Box 19138, Springfield, IL 62794; or by
- Phone or in person at the office where you applied.

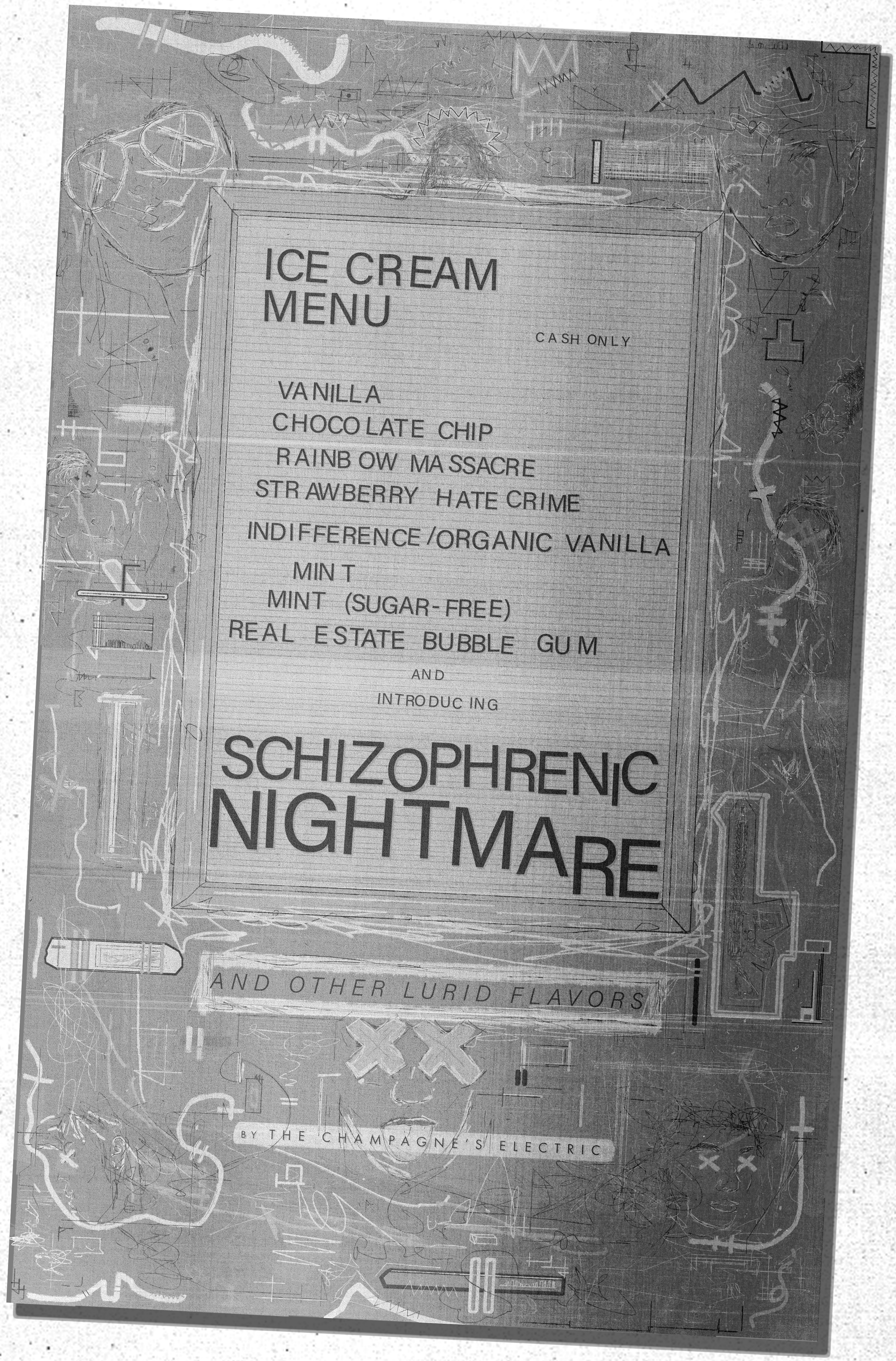
The temporary medical coverage will end when the Department either approves or denies your application.

This coverage does not include Long Term Services and Supports (LTSS).

yes, this facsimile man
was once flesh

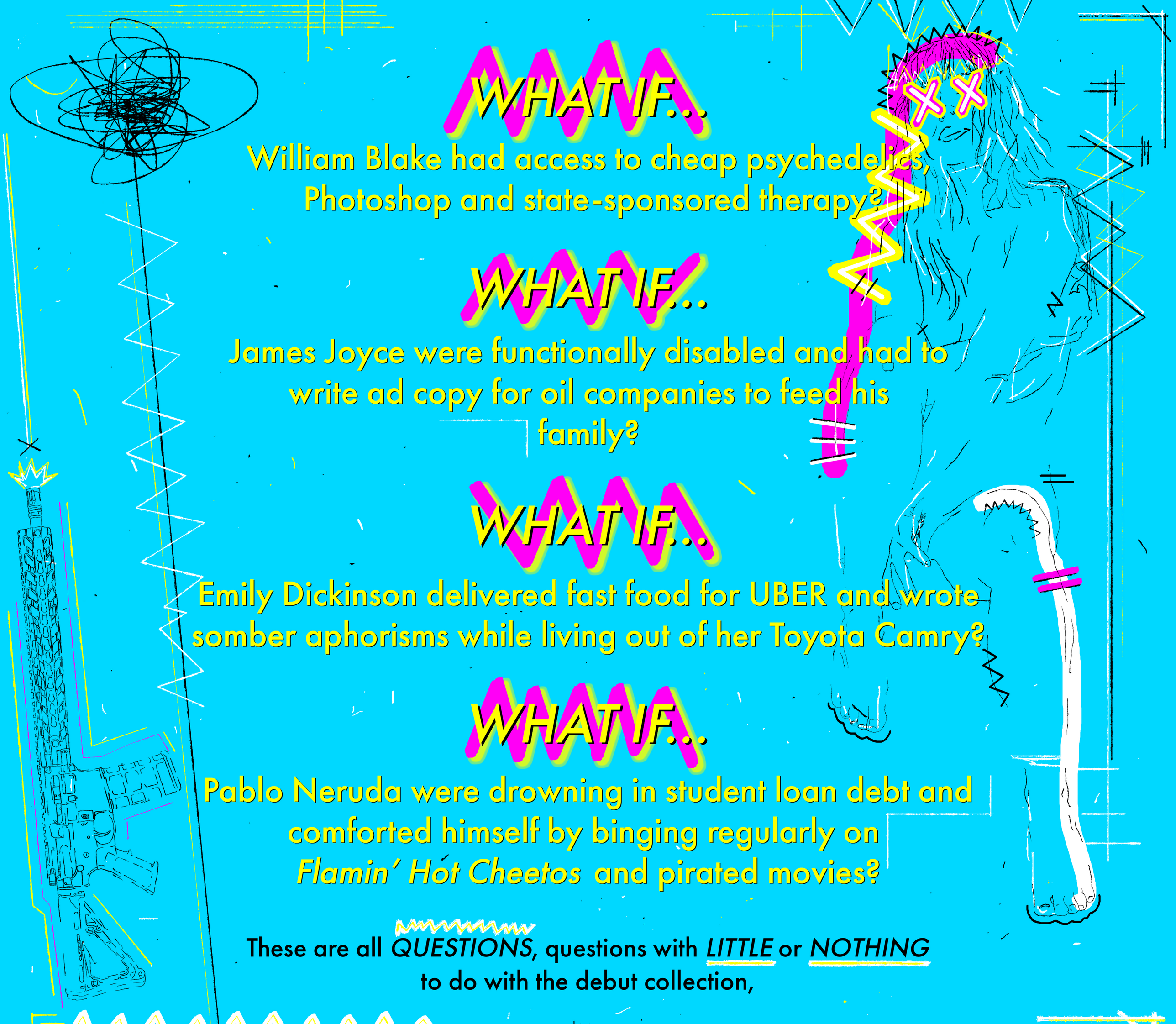
but you will not find me
in its photocopy

instead find me here



where I endeavor most to discover thee

end



WHAT IF...

William Blake had access to cheap psychedelics,
Photoshop and state-sponsored therapy?

WHAT IF...

James Joyce were functionally disabled and had to
write ad copy for oil companies to feed his
family?

WHAT IF...

Emily Dickinson delivered fast food for UBER and wrote
somber aphorisms while living out of her Toyota Camry?

WHAT IF...

Pablo Neruda were drowning in student loan debt and
comforted himself by binging regularly on
Flamin' Hot Cheetos and pirated movies?

These are all *QUESTIONS*, questions with *LITTLE* or *NOTHING*
to do with the debut collection,

SCHIZOPHRENIC NIGHTMARE and OTHER LURID FLAVORS

written and illustrated by acclaimed radio documentarian,
THE CHAMPAGNE'S ELECTRIC. *Acclaimed by who*, you mutter?
Well, that, that's actually a bit rude. People, that's who. People *on the internet.*
Which people, specifically? It's not like I know their names offhand,
but there was much acclaiming, let me tell you. I remember them
being very impressed. And wait, why exactly do I need to prove
myself to you? You're literally reading the back cover of an ebook. Like a dork.
Why does an ebook even have a back cover? Maybe it shouldn't,
I don't know. But I'm awake at 3 a.m. during a nationwide quarantine
and needed something to occupy my mania so here we are,
you and me, two hyper-intelligent chimps with nothing better to do
but interact over vast chasms of time using language.
Shit's weird. Also, put some pants on.

Copyright © 2020 The Champagne's Electric